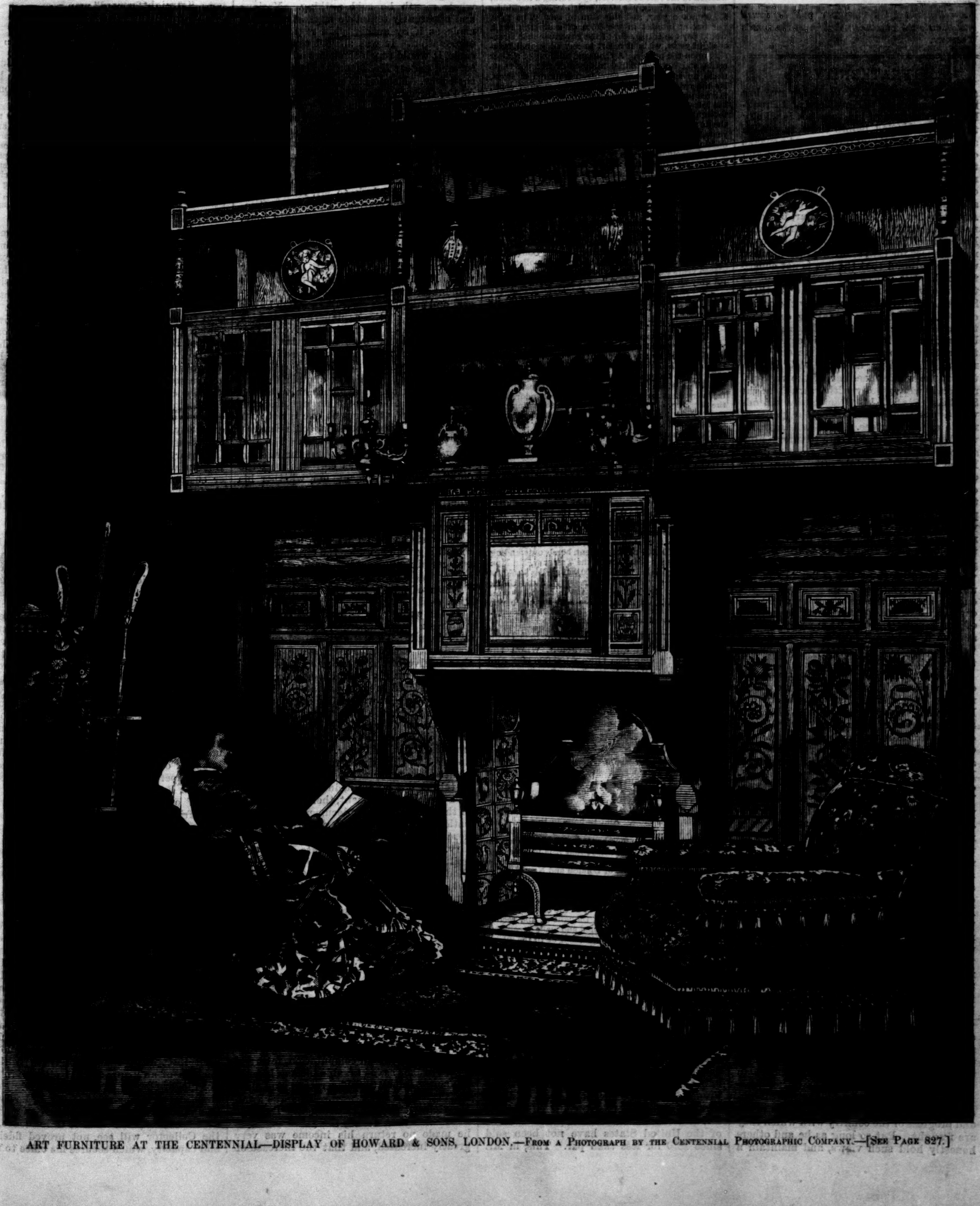
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XX.—No. 1033.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



ART FURNITURE AT THE CENTENNIAL—DISPLAY OF HOWARD & SONS, LONDON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 136,000 Copies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several fine engravings of Centennial subjects, and a picture relating to the Servian war.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

FRATERNITY.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, has been speaking in New York and Brooklyn, and the tone of his speeches is wholly that of the period before the war. With apparently intentional reiteration he speaks of the national Union as a confederacy, and the assumption of his remarks is that the resolutions of '98 contain the true doctrine of this government. He objects, as in his speeches in New Jersey and Delaware, to Attorney-General TAFT'S circular, but does not say that it is not in accordance with law. Indeed, Mr. BAYARD professes the utmost respect for law, and rests his objection upon the ground that the law is not constitutional. His object is to make it appear that the white population in the Southern States is ruthlessly oppressed by the action of the Administration in taking care that the equal political rights of all citizens shall be protected. Mr. BAYARD is careful not to mention who it is that threatens those rights. He knows, as every body knows, that if the wholesome fear of the national authority were wholly withdrawn from the Southern States, his Democratic friends would practically annihilate the political rights of the negroes. That is the truth, which no one who takes care to inform himself of the situation would venture to deny. If the national Administration were now controlled by Mr. BAYARD and his Democratic friends, there can be little doubt that even South Carolina, where the Republican majority is known to be great, would give its vote for Mr. TILDEN. The result would be accomplished by overawing the colored vote. The Democratic Derringer, and not the law of the United States, would keep order at the polls. It is the universal conviction of this which has thoroughly aroused the public mind; and every speech of Mr. BAYARD'S to the refrain of JEFFERSON DAVIS'S "Leave us alone," and with its significant allusions to the "confederacy" of the States, only confirms that conviction.

Mr. BAYARD, in his New York speech, declared with emphasis that one of the things most to be desired is that we hold out our hands in brotherly love to the South. Mr. S. S. COX also, and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, can not contain their admiration for the Golden Rule as the true policy and the only sure bond of union. When their Democratic brethren of the South sold women and children on the auction block, we do not remember that these statesmen were so profuse in praises of brotherly love. And when LOVEJOY was shot dead for merely asserting the right of free speech, the party friends of these gentlemen thought that he was served right. When the Democrats were in power, and fugitive slaves were to be hunted and abolitionists tarred and feathered, the Golden Rule was suspended. When Southern Democrats now wish to preside at the polls with the Derringer, brotherly love, it seems, requires that we acquiesce. It would be interesting to know whether these gentlemen think that the absence of brotherly love is more conspicuous in the treatment of the South as a whole by the Republican Administration, or in the treatment of the negroes by the Southern Democracy?

It is sorry business to be compelled to say such things ten years after the war. But it is not a necessity of our making. The Democratic party is as much an obstruction now as ever. Senator BAYARD is a gentleman the sincerity of whose views we do not question, more than we doubt their total unsoundness and the fatal peril to the peace and progress of the country with which they are fraught. But so long as he and others honestly hold such views, and maintain a party organization to enforce them, he will find the Republican line absolutely solid and unshrinking, and his cry of "reform" regarded as the mere call of a decoy.

"WISE FINANCE."

MR. BOUTWELL'S exposure and criticism, at the Cooper Institute, of some of the financial fallacies and misstatements of Mr. TILDEN'S letter of acceptance was very clear and good-humored. He evidently thinks that what is true in the letter is not new, and what is new is not true. And as Mr. TILDEN is sometimes regarded in Democratic circles as a master of finance, the remarks of Mr. BOUTWELL are very timely:

"When we come to his third measure, which he calls 'wise finance,' I have undertaken to follow him through for the purpose of ascertaining what he proposes, and what are to be the results of his various propositions. He says that we owe, or did owe at the time his letter was written, between \$900,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000, bearing interest at six per cent., and about \$700,000,000 bearing interest at five per cent., the average of which interest is 5.58 per cent., and that there should be a reduction in the rate of interest, by securing a new loan, to the extent of one per cent., which he says would be \$77,000,000 a year, and this sum of money, he says, put out at interest in the form of a sinking fund, would pay the entire debt of the government in twenty-eight years, without resort to any additional taxation upon the people. A thousand millions of six per cents, and seven hundred millions of five per cents made an aggregate of seventeen hundred millions. By the reduction, then, of interest by one per cent., the reduction would be seventeen millions a year. In his letter he is reported as claiming \$77,000,000. I thought likely that was a mistake, but when he said the debt by these means would be paid in twenty-eight years, and I found that in twenty-eight years the reduction of \$17,000,000 a year would be about half the debt, I concluded he was in error in that respect. The Democratic Convention at St. Louis made another mistake. They said that the government had collected in taxes in the last eleven years thirteen times the amount of the United States notes outstanding—notes which then amounted to \$370,000,000, or \$4,810,000,000 in all; whereas, as a matter of fact, in taxes during these eleven years the government collected a few millions less than \$3,900,000,000, showing an error on the part of the Convention of only \$900,000,000. When Mr. TILDEN came to review the doings of the Convention he improved a little. He said that we had collected in eleven years \$4,500,000,000, showing that he was in error only about \$600,000,000."

After a quiet laugh with the audience at Mr. TILDEN'S "mathematical calculations," Mr. BOUTWELL proceeds:

"You would suppose from Mr. TILDEN'S letter that what he proposed as wise finances had not only not been adopted by the Government, but as a matter of fact no one had ever before thought of so wise a thing. Now it was thought of years ago, for it happens that in 1869 President GRANT recommended substantially this very measure to Congress, and it was indorsed by the Secretary of the Treasury. In the following summer of 1870 the Republican Congress passed what has been called the Funding Act, by which the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to issue \$500,000,000 of five per cent. bonds and redeem \$500,000,000 of six per cent. bonds outstanding, and that has been done. Mr. TILDEN may very likely never have heard a word of that. It has been actually accomplished, and \$5,000,000 was saved to the Treasury of the United States by that operation, which, to use his own language, was a wise financial measure, for now in 1876, seven years afterward, he recommends it soberly to the country. Further than that, the same bill proposed that the Secretary of the Treasury might issue \$300,000,000 of four-and-a-half per cent. bonds, and with the proceeds redeem \$300,000,000 of six per cent. bonds outstanding, and the present Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MORRILL, has negotiated this \$300,000,000, saving \$4,500,000 or \$9,500,000 a year to the Treasury of the United States. But Mr. TILDEN has never heard of these things. Well, you must excuse him for these very slight delinquencies which our friends of the newspapers are disposed to charge upon him."

Mr. BOUTWELL referred to the last Democratic national administration, when the public debt was less than \$100,000,000, and a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury sold six per cents for \$85 in the \$100. And to the ANDREW JOHNSON administration, which was virtually a Democratic interregnum, when the six per cent. gold bonds were worth \$81 to \$82 in the \$100. This was the condition when General GRANT came in.

"Now, then, what has been done in accordance with Mr. TILDEN'S recent suggestions, under the head of wise finance? We have not only carried up the six per cent. bonds to par in gold, but have also carried up the five per cent. bonds to par in gold, then the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds to par in gold—accomplishing facts, hard facts. And I—here, in this great metropolis, the commercial and financial centre of this continent—appeal to merchants and financiers whether or not the statement be true that it is much easier, when our four-and-a-half per cent. bonds command a premium in the markets of London and New York, to sell four per cent. bonds, than in 1869, when our six per cent. bonds were worth only eighty-one, to sell five per cent. bonds. Now this scheme of wise finance, which Mr. TILDEN has thrust upon the country as if it were a new thing, has been thought of and recommended, and it has been adopted and made successful, and I do not know what there could be in the way of wise finance which in good faith and honesty Mr. TILDEN could introduce to the attention of the country, if unhappily he were to be elected President."

Mr. BOUTWELL said truly that Mr. TILDEN had no right to denounce the fixing a day for resumption as a sham, for the date was named in good faith. The value of the greenbacks has been advanced twenty per cent. during the GRANT administration, and the national credit so established that our bonds are more nearly at par in more markets than those of any other nation. The French five per cent. loan was sold for eighty-four or eighty-five cents on the dollar, while the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds of the United States have not been sold since 1870 for less than par. This, in Mr. BOUTWELL'S judgment, is making provision for resumption, and he believes that with a revival of business and an extension of industries we shall resume without shock to any interest, on the 1st of January, 1879.

AN EXPLANATION THAT DOES NOT EXPLAIN.

THE most damaging "charge" of the campaign against Mr. TILDEN is undoubtedly that of the income tax. It was made in the plainest terms about the 22d of August. The substance of it was that Mr. TILDEN had evaded payment of the tax upon his income for several years, and especial stress was laid upon his returns for the year 1862. If the charge was false—if he had always paid the tax upon his actual income—he might have said so at once, and promised an explanation of the details of the charge. The story was universally repeated. It occasioned infinite perplexity to his friends and supporters. He was, as we understand, besought by them to explain. But for a whole month he said nothing. Various and apparently tentative suggestions were made, as if by authority, in regard to the explanation. It was alleged that when it came, it would touch the heart of the country and endear Mr. TILDEN to it even more than now. Meanwhile similar stories were told of Governor HAYES'S reports to the tax assessors in Ohio. But they were scarcely published before they were disproved in detail and conclusively, and they hardly acquired the force of "charges" at all.

At last, after the delay of a month, Mr. TILDEN'S explanation appeared in the form of a long communication from Mr. SINNOTT, his confidential clerk, to Mr. HEWITT, the chairman of the National Democratic Committee. The document is not only long, but it is obscure and evasive. The only conclusive way to meet an accusation which had become so important that he thought it necessary to meet it, was to do precisely what Mr. TILDEN has not done, and the avoidance leaves him in precisely the equivocal and suspicious position in which he has been left by all the explanations to which he and his friends have been driven. One of the objections to an income tax is, undoubtedly, that it is in some sense inquisitorial. But when a man in the position of Mr. TILDEN is compelled to explain any private transaction, his explanation, to be satisfactory, must be simple, thorough, and conclusive. That the present one is not so is evident. It denies certain specific charges, but it does not meet the case. The real question for Mr. TILDEN to answer was not whether the *Times* was correct in all the details of its statement, nor whether his conduct had been technically legal, but whether he had fairly paid the tax upon his actual income. If he did not, he evaded the purpose of the law, however he may have conformed to its letter, and that is something which, under the circumstances, was certainly not patriotic, and can hardly be regarded as the act of a reformer and elevator of public life and political standards.

If the subject was important enough to require a long, elaborate, and careful answer from Mr. TILDEN, it required one that should be satisfactory. Having asserted that twelve of the thirteen charges of the *Times* were mainly false, he should certainly have stated precisely what the income for the year 1862 was, and specified the deductions under the law. It was as easy to do that as to do what he has done, and that would have explained satisfactorily the transactions of that year. All that he says, however, is, "The simple fact is, the amounts returned were the net result of income, after taking out lawful deductions." If that be a sufficient statement, there was no need of the rest of the long document. If exculpation is to rest upon an assertion, as it is here made to rest, the details are unnecessary. But having entered into specific denial of the allegations, the explanation should be equally specific, or it fails. It is not stated that Mr. TILDEN had no other sources of income, nor what the income was, nor what the legal deductions were, but we have only the simple assertion that we have quoted. What possible reason could there be for waiting four weeks to say, in reply to a charge that Mr. TILDEN had returned a false statement of taxable income in 1862, that, on the contrary, he had honestly returned the net result after making lawful deductions? This is all that is really said now, while the way in which it is said shows that it is felt not to be enough.

Nor does this touch the other fact, that having, after careful computation, returned a sum in 1862 as his taxable income, he subsequently failed to make return, and paid the tax that was assessed. This was legal. He violated no law in doing it. But it is not denied that during the years in which he made no return his income was very greatly increased, and that the increase of the tax bore no fair proportion to it. This fact leaves a cloud upon the explanation. The argument that income is a wholly private affair can not be urged, because partial explanations have not been refused. Mr. TILDEN and his friends either do not understand the exigency, or they know that they can not meet it. He has merely denied certain specific allegations. He has not answered the question raised by those allegations. That question is, Did Mr. TILDEN pay the full tax upon his actual income, or, knowing that his income had increased entirely beyond any estimate based upon his return of 1862, did he refrain from giving any clew whatever to that fact, and so escape paying the full tax? He says of a particular year that the amounts returned were the income, less lawful deductions. But he does not say that the tax paid in subsequent years was the full tax upon the actual income less lawful deductions. The whole affair is but another illustration of the truth, which every development of the campaign confirms, that the Democratic candidate is not a "straightforward" man.

"UNRESTRICTED CITIZENS."

COLLECTOR SIMMONS, of the Boston Custom-house, has written a letter in which he states what he has endeavored to accomplish in the way of civil service reform:

"Every man in the Custom-house at Boston is required to be present at his desk, and to diligently and faithfully attend to his duties during those business hours of the day fixed by the government regulations. When the business of the day ceases, and he has performed the duties required of him by the government, his time is his own; he becomes an unrestricted citizen, with all the rights and privileges appertaining to him as such, with the same right to think, to talk, to organize, to vote, and to act for himself that any man in the community is entitled to exercise."

If this be true, although it is far from being a reform of the system of appointments, it is honorable to Collector SIMMONS. The Boston *Herald*, however, declares that it is not true. It scoffs at it as exquisite nonsense. It does not, indeed, mention any instances disproving the assertion, but it says that every custom-house officer knows that if he should "dare to speak one word against BEN BUTLER, he could not hold his position for a single day." This is "the lie direct" to the Collector, because, if the *Herald* be correct, the officer is not an "unrestricted citizen." Moreover, if he be so in the Boston Custom-house, he is so nowhere else. We do not say that he is openly and expressly ordered to do certain things, and threatened in case of disobedience. But Collector SIMMONS and his friend General BUTLER will be pained to hear that in other custom-houses and public offices than those of Boston there is, nevertheless, a very efficient system of restricting the citizen who holds an office.

If that citizen is notoriously inactive in the necessary "work" of the party, if he takes no part in the caucus or the primary meeting, if he refuses to pay the political assessment which the President has virtually forbidden, or if he prefers the candidate of the other party—as "an unrestricted citizen" may—he knows very well that his tenure of his place has become very frail; and whenever a politician pushes for the appointment of a henchman, the head of the "unrestricted citizen" drops, upon the most plausible pretext that can be found. This, of course, must be a state of things unknown in the Boston Custom-house. But if it should ever exist there, and if Collector SIMMONS should ever happen to hear of it, he would at once see—or his quickness has been much misrepresented—that he could not truthfully speak of such officers as "unrestricted." He has, perhaps, seen a letter of his friend General BUTLER, in reply to an inquiry on behalf of an officer who feared removal. "My friends," said the general, "need have no fear," or words to that effect. How about his opponents? Does the Collector think that they would be "unrestricted citizens?"

Collector SIMMONS, surrounded by "unrestricted citizens" in the Boston Custom-house, will be surprised to learn that in other custom-houses there is often a large book containing the name of every officer in the service, and also the names of those who procured the appointment. This is evidently proper as a record of those who take the responsibility of recommendation. But Collector SIMMONS will again be pained to hear that it is turned to another purpose. This volume also shows which of the "unrestricted citizens" has the least influential "backing," and may be removed with the least offense to political influence. And it often happens—we have ourselves known such instances—that when the political backers of an "unrestricted citizen" in office die, or change their party, or lose their standing or influence, the citizen, however fit and efficient an officer, must replace the names with others. For it is influence, as the Collector will see, not proved fidelity and capacity, which secures his office to the

"unrestricted citizen." Has Mr. Collector Simmons endeavored to accomplish a reform upon this point? If not, he will permit us to say that he does not understand what is meant by civil service reform.

While "influence" is the cause of appointment, no officer in the public service is or can be an "unrestricted citizen." And unless the officers in the Boston Custom-house owe their places to credentials wholly non-partisan, and hold them solely by their proved integrity, industry, and ability, they are no more "unrestricted citizens" than the workmen of the Connecticut proprietor who gave notice the other day that he respected political independence, but that he would turn off any man in his employ who did not vote for those eminent civil service reformers, Tilden and Hendricks.

A VOICE FROM ILLINOIS.

The letter of Governor Hayes is the platform of reform, and his character and career are the security of performance. But reform Republicans every where should strengthen his hands by the nomination of candidates for Congress who are known to be in sympathy with him, and who understand the necessity of a radical and thorough change in the system of patronage. The Republicans of Rockford, in Illinois, perceive this necessity, and in the nomination to Congress of Mr. William Lathrop, and in the resolutions of the nominating Convention, they leave no doubt of their position and purpose. The resolutions are an emphatic and admirable declaration of the spirit and aim of the reform, and presage an effort which every patriotic citizen will approve:

"*Resolved*, That we heartily indorse and approve the declaration of principles of the Republican National Convention, and we especially commend and approve the manly and courageous sentiments of the letter of acceptance of the nominee of said Convention for President of the United States; that by said declaration of principles and letter of acceptance of the nominee for President, the Republican party stands fully and squarely committed to a radical and complete reform of the civil service of the government, to the end that offices shall no longer be bestowed as rewards for party services, nor services in behalf of any individual or individuals of the dominant party, but that the good of the public service, 'honesty, fidelity, and capacity,' shall be the sole test of preferment, and, in the language of the national platform of the party, 'that Senators and Representatives, who may be judges and accusers, should not *dictate* appointments to office.'

"*Resolved*, That we require of the nominee of this Convention, in case of his election, that he faithfully observe the doctrine of the fifth resolution of the national platform and the doctrine of Mr. Hayes's letter of acceptance in reference to civil service reform, and that he shall use such power and influence as he may possess as Representative to secure the adoption and carrying into effect the doctrines of said resolution and letter of acceptance as the 'invariable rule' in the bestowal of and removal from office.

"*Resolved*, That we denounce as a glaring offense against good morals and public policy the bestowal or promise of bestowal of office for services rendered or to be rendered at party caucuses or nominating conventions, and that we regard such offense as only second to the crime of selling offices for a stipulated price, or a share in the emoluments of the same."

This is the sincere and vigorous declaration of Illinois Republicans who know that the candidate they nominate will be elected. And Mr. Lathrop, the candidate, is the author of the resolutions. It seems to us that anxious inquirers might be able to see in such a declaration and nomination, where election is sure, a more significant sign of a real reform purpose than the ceremonial nomination of Mr. Adams in Massachusetts, which has no more root in Democratic sympathy than that of Mr. Greeley had in 1872. Civil service reform is and has long been the chief desire of what is called the "independent" vote. It is a desire and a purpose which have been felt and developed in the Republican party, and not in the Democratic. All practical effort has thus far been made by Republicans. There are, indeed, Democrats who see the necessity and approve the principle of the reform, and the St. Louis platform makes general statements upon the subject. But the action of the Democratic House of Representatives exposes the exact worth of the sentiments of the St. Louis platform. And where has any Democratic candidate, even in this "reform" campaign, been nominated upon a platform like that of the Rockford Republicans? Mr. Tilden, indeed, says that honest men only should be appointed to office; but nobody says any thing else. We do not recall a single word of Mr. Tilden's or a single act of his party which justifies the expectation that he or it desires a reform of the system of appointments.

THE ZEAL OF RECRUITS.

According to the report of a speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, of New York, recently made there some extraordinary remarks. He said that he would "reveal a little bit of party machinery," and added that when Governor Hayes was nominated, the Democratic managers—and presumably Mr. Tilden was among them—"set a most industrious agent at work" to investigate his Congressional record, "to see if there was any thing he had said that we could publish to his disadvantage." They found nothing wrong in his speeches or in his conduct, and Mr. Dorsheimer thinks the investigation shows him to have been a well-meaning man enough, but a person of no significance. But if the Democratic managers had found that Governor Hayes had been an apt disciple of Calhoun; that he had actively by publishing Copperhead literature, and passively by declaring the war a failure, done all that he could to paralyze public spirit and ruin the country; that he had been an associate of Tweed, and had permitted the Tammany Ring to forge his name to infamous documents without protest; that he had apparently evaded the payment of the income tax; and that he had surrendered to the inflationists of his party—they would perhaps have doubted whether he either meant well or did well. Indeed, if any one of several facts in the career of Mr. Tilden could be truthfully alleged of Governor Hayes, his pretensions as a reformer would be lost in universal ridicule.

Mr. Dorsheimer also thought fit to sneer at the military record of Governor Hayes. He described him as a colonel, or captain, or major, or corporal, or something. We believe that Mr. Dorsheimer served for a time in the war. He was attached to the staff of General Fremont. In what battles he took part we do not know. Governor Hayes was one of the bravest of soldiers, constantly on duty, and wounded in the service, from which he emerged a general. But had he been the least distinguished of Union soldiers, who, taking his life in his hand, faithfully did his duty, we can not conceive that any honorable comrade would ridicule him in order to further the political fortunes of a politician whose conduct stabbed every soldier in the back.

Mr. Dorsheimer and Mr. Bigelow were both Republicans during the war. They are both New Yorkers, and they should both be aware that the attitude of Mr. Tilden during the war is as well known to New Yorkers as that of Horatio Seymour, or Fernando Wood, or August Belmont. The attempt to show that the author of the letter to William Kent; the orator of Tweddle Hall; the citizen who waited to see if the call for the Union Square meeting was proper for him to sign; the associate of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge; the New York framer of the surrender platform of 1864; the warm and active political ally of the opponents of the war and of the war administration—was in any honest sense whatever a loyal Union and war man, is simply ridiculous. Republicans who have joined the Democrats are naturally zealous; but they should abandon the hopeless effort of showing how eagerly Mr. Tilden prosecuted the war, and confine themselves to proving that he was not an ally of Tweed, that he paid his honest income tax, that he was the next friend of unfortunate railroads, and that he reduced State taxation by extinguishing a State debt.

THE SITUATION.

Every day shows that the attempt of the Democratic party to ignore all its history, traditions, principles, and tendencies, and impose itself upon the country as a party of reform, has failed. No party can separate itself from its past. The men and the views that compose the Democratic party can not be instantly changed, nor can the progress and development of the country to-day be independent of its condition yesterday. The need of reform is evident enough, but that is not the sole necessity of the situation. Theorists and doctrinaires, who do not measure, because they can not understand, the strong and deep currents of national feeling, may have supposed that the people of this country would not object to an administration of the government by the party that lately sought its destruction, if that party only professed acquiescence in the principles and policy of the party of the Union and the war. But the monstrous implication of this proposition is that not a new party, but the same old organization which has always proclaimed State sovereignty as the fundamental principle of the system, and which in its Convention and by its Representatives in Congress has pronounced the amendments to the Constitution that followed the war to be revolutionary and void, and which has nominated a typical Calhoun Democrat for President, and for Vice-President a Senator who voted against every one of the amendments, is a safer guardian of the Union and the Constitution and of the interests of reform than those who have maintained them.

The Democratic plea that the country should look exclusively at questions of administrative reform, essential as those questions are, implies that there is no further question as to the nature of the Union, and that the rights guaranteed to every citizen are generally respected in every part of the country. It implies that the situation which has been known to exist in the Southern States for ten years has suddenly ceased, and that the spirit of the Democratic party toward the negroes in the late Confederate States is such that it will be sure to secure them fair play. It implies, still further, that the accounts of every day are false, and that human nature is changed for the benefit of the Democratic party. But the conviction that neither the career of that party nor the views and character of its leaders afford so sure a promise of reform as those of the Republican party and leaders, when added to the other view, has taken so deep and strong a hold of the public mind that the probabilities of Republican success are daily more conclusive.

The favorite Democratic logic, that if one party be unsatisfactory there is nothing to be done but to try the other, is corrected by common-sense. Because a boat leaks and the passenger's feet are wet, it does not follow that he must jump overboard. A sensible man will make a change only when he sees that change will be advantageous. It is as true of a nation. Should the Republican party succeed, the victory will certainly not be a declaration that the country is entirely satisfied with it, but that it offers the surest guarantees of all that good citizens desire. There were many who were at first allured by the cry of reform; but when they reflect that it is raised by those who have never shown any desire for reform, and who have a burning craving for official plunder and power, they perceive that the Democratic chorus for reform curiously resembles the shearing of swine—great cry and little wool.

ART FURNITURE.

The display of art furniture at the Centennial is extensive and interesting, and several of the exhibitors have arranged the space allotted to them so as to give a representation of a suit of rooms furnished and decorated in different styles. For instance, James Shoolbred & Co., of London, present in this way the Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Anglo-Indian styles in five or six complete little rooms, with carpets and wall-hangings. There is a dining-room set of carved oak, with a superb sideboard, and another of carved mahogany of a beautiful warm color. Another London manufacturing firm, Messrs. Wright & Mansfield, have several rooms with cabinet furniture in the old English style of the eighteenth century—an inlaid mahogany sideboard, a mahogany and satin-wood secretaire, and a writing-table of the same material, a beautiful satin-wood wardrobe, side tables of satin-wood and the soft gray hare-wood, and a satin-wood cabinet richly inlaid. One of the most beautiful displays of furniture is that of Messrs. Howard & Sons, of London, of which we give an illustration on our first page. Like the two previously mentioned, it is in the British section of the Main Building. So costly and so delicate are the articles exhibited, that the display has been guarded from intrusion by ropes, to prevent injury by careless handling.

The work surrounding the fire-place is of oak, beautifully inlaid with black-walnut in gracefully artistic designs. The inlaying is done by a new process, patented by Messrs. Howard & Sons, which will soon be introduced into this country. It is not only capable of the highest artistic treatment, but so marvelously cheap that it will bring the means of a beautiful style of household decoration within the reach of persons of modest incomes. The fire-place is decorated with porcelain tiles; the mantel-piece supports two cabinets, with glass doors, and several shelves for ornamental pottery, etc. The chair opposite the one in which a lady is reclining was made expressly for the Duke of Edinburgh. Besides the furniture, this exhibit contains a profusion of Persian and Turkish rugs of the richest patterns, and drapery of satin and velvet, as well as of cheaper materials. The inlaid and carved work forms, however, the most attractive part of the display.

PERSONAL.

Lord Houghton says in the *Quarterly Review* that the eccentric Lord Cornbury, once Governor here, about the year 1704 received the official world at Albany, on the queen's birthday, dressed in female attire imitated from the robes of his sovereign, and was so pleased with the notion that he had himself painted in that fashion. A photograph of the painting is in the Philadelphia Exhibition.

—Mr. William Black, the popular English novelist, who is now traveling in this country, proposes to introduce American life and manners in his next novel. It will appear about the beginning of next year, and will be given to American readers in one of the Harper periodicals. In a letter from Omaha, dated September 20, Mr. Black stated his intention to start immediately for an excursion to the wild Indian territory far up on the Missouri, and expressed a tender and not unnatural solicitude for the safety of his scalp.

—Mr. Edmund Yates tells us this in the last issue of the London *World* received here: "The Cunard steam-ship *Abyssinia*, leaving Liverpool for New York on Saturday the 30th inst., will have on board her the bearer of a well-known name. Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper proceeds to America to give a series of readings from his own works in the principal cities of the States. Mr. Tupper's writings are popular throughout the New World, and the generous American audiences will be pleased to find themselves face to face with their author. Of his excellence as a poet there may be—there probably will be—much diversity of opinion; but all will unite in paying deference to the frank geniality and *bonhomie* which have enabled Mr. Tupper to treat a vast amount of chaff—not always leveled in the best taste—with dignity and good humor. Their name must be legion who will join in wishing the sage of Albury a pleasant voyage and a 'good time.'"

—Mutual friends of Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Hawthorne have examined the former's book with special reference to the papers of the elder Hawthorne which his son objected to have used. They have assured him that these papers were not used.

—A contemporary states that "John Hancock received from the Colonial Legislature in 1794 the first silver-plated table service ever seen in America. It is now owned by a gentleman in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and has just gone to Meriden to be replated." Some mistake about this. The old Mr. Hancock referred to, whose name is sometimes mentioned in connection with the Dec. of Ind., died in October, 1793, and must have been very dead at the time he is said to have received the plate which the Lawrence gentleman has sent over to Meriden to be furbished up.

—To Mr. Richard Schell and Mr. William H. Appleton the public are mainly indebted for the statue of William H. Seward, recently placed in Madison Square, and publicly unveiled September 27, after an oration by Mr. Evarts. There were 250 subscribers of $100 each to the fund, and it is said to be the only monument of private origin dedicated without a debt remaining upon it.

—Socially, professionally, pecuniarily, and as a pleasure trip from the other side, Professor Huxley's visit to the United States was an entire success. His three lectures at Chickering Hall netted him $1600 each=$4800. For his address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, he received $500. At Nashville, whither he went to visit his sister, President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, placed a palace-car at his entire disposal, in which he was brought to Baltimore, and thence to Washington, free; and a similar courtesy was extended to him by President Bishop, of the New York and New Haven road, by which he visited a portion of New England. The professor had, therefore, not only a continuity of good time from the day of his landing to the day of his departure, but he evolved from our republican pockets and took with him to England the consolatory sum of £1000 cash.

—Mr. George Henry Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," is a man of rather small stature, and his face gives no very clear indication of the mental power he unquestionably possesses. His health has always been infirm, and he looks older than he is. He has always been a close student, and a resident of London or other large capitals. His manner differs markedly from that of the generality of Englishmen. In his own set he abounds in geniality and *bonhomie*. He is fond of epigram and paradox, and, being a close observer, his narration of men and things is extremely entertaining. He has the reputation of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists in London, though, like most clever talkers, he is prone to monopoly and monologue. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes live in one of the suburbs of London, and their home is represented as being one of the happiest, the likeness of their pursuits and ambitions being an additional bond of unity.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is reported that the main body of the hostile Sioux are yet on the Little Missouri, in a destitute condition, short of supplies and ammunition. The Seventh Cavalry has been sent to look after them.

General Braxton T. Bragg died in Galveston, Texas, September 27. He dropped dead in the street, in front of the post-office. He was sixty-one years of age.

William M. Tweed is expected to arrive here in about thirty days. He sailed from Vigo, Spain, in the United States frigate *Franklin*, September 28.

The New York State Greenback Convention met at Albany, September 26. William A. Corsey, of this city, presided. Richard M. Griffin, of Albany, was nominated for Governor, and Thomas Armstrong, of Clinton County, for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Earl of Derby, on the 28th ult., received a deputation from the Protestant Missionary and Bible Societies with reference to religious intolerance in Spain. He said: "Nothing in the article [of the Constitution], however, justifies the closing of Protestant schools, and I do not think the government will so interpret it. Probably many cases of hardship are due to the overzeal of subordinate officials. I think, with regard to acts of intolerance which are clearly not sanctioned by the toleration clause of the Constitution, that when the Cortes has formally proclaimed freedom of worship, subject to certain limitations, there can be no question that we have a right to interfere if their promise is violated. But a more difficult case is when the question at issue is the proper construction of the law. I personally have no doubt that it is an exceedingly forced and strained construction of the law to prohibit, as an external manifestation, singing in church or worshiping with the door open so that passers-by may look in. I think we have a right to claim that the law should not be construed unfavorably to the rights of foreigners in Spain, because they have undoubtedly been encouraged to settle there upon the understanding that they should be free from this kind of annoyance. I suggest that where those affected think it worth while to remonstrate, they should send me their complaint, and inquiry shall be made."

It is stated in Paris that Don Carlos has informed the French government that he would not re-enter Spain at the cost of another civil war, and will quit Paris for Belgium or Switzerland in a few days.

Hostilities were resumed by the Servians September 28. A desperate battle was fought all day long, and the victory is claimed by both sides. The Servians are constructing winter-quarters.

The Pope's organ, the *Voce della Verita*, continues to defend the Turks. In its issue of December 27 it says, "Civilized and Christian Europe has some reason to prefer at Constantinople the Turk, who is no longer a danger for the Church and for liberty, to the Russian, who would drive away both, and from Constantinople would pour on Europe a flood of new barbarians much worse than the old Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Ostrogoths, because decked with a varnish of corrupt modern culture."

The famous German sculptor, Joseph Ernst Von Bandel, died, September 27, in Bavaria, aged seventy-six years.

The British ship *Lammermuir*, bound from Calcutta to Demerara, is posted at Lloyd's as missing. It is feared she has foundered, with all hands and 300 cooly emigrants.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

SOLDIERS. "Whose side were you on?"

REFORMED USUFRUCT. "I—I was—busy in court with a *Railroad Case.*"

HELL GATE DESTROYED.

The complete success of the attempt to destroy Hallett's Point Reef is a grand triumph of the engineering skill of General Newton. The blast that demolished the rock was fired on Sunday, September 24, by little Mary Newton, the two-year-old daughter of the brave projector of the plan. The wires from one pole of the main batteries were connected with copper cups in a horizontal plate, over which was suspended a similar plate, and to the latter were attached the wires from the other pole. To the cord which suspended the upper plate an explosive cartridge was attached, so arranged as to be exploded by a small battery at a little distance. The child pressed the knob which connected the poles of this battery, the bursting of the cartridge cut the cord, the plate fell by its own weight, connecting the poles of the main batteries, and twenty-six tons of the most powerful explosives known were ignited at once, blowing the reef into a thousand fragments, and opening a broad and safe passage for the vessels of commerce.

The first efforts at opening the channel were made in 1851, when $13,000 were raised by the citizens of New York, and about $1000 more than that sum were expended on the different rocks in Hell Gate, including Pot Rock, the Frying-Pan, Way's Reef, Shelldrake, Bald-headed Billy, Hoyt's Reef, Diamond and Hallett's Point reefs. Of the $14,000 only $69 06 were expended at Hallett's Point. The blasting done at that time was on the Maillefert plan, and was superintended by M. Maillefert himself, the inventor. It consisted simply in depositing charges of powder on the surface of the rocks, and exploding them by an electric current. This plan proved very successful at the beginning, but it was soon found that after knocking off the rough projections and coming down to a smooth surface, it was very difficult to go any deeper. Nevertheless Congress was induced during the following year to appropriate $20,000 for carrying on the work which had already been begun by the private subscriptions of citizens. Of the $20,000, $18,000 were expended on Pot Rock, which was lowered only about two feet. After this nothing was done until 1866, when the duty of examining Hell Gate was committed to General Newton, of the United States Engineers. He surveyed the different rocks, and made a report to Congress the following year. In 1868 Congress made the first appropriation, $85,000, for carrying out the plan recommended by General Newton.

The illustration on this page shows the scene of the explosion at the moment the mine was fired. A dull rumble, a shock that was felt distinctly but not severely, and then the river in front of Hallett's Point seemed to leap from its bed and to hurl itself in a white foaming mass seventy-five or eighty feet up into the air. There it seemed to remain suspended for twenty seconds over the whole three acres' space covered by the mine, like beaten froth. A few black specks, like upheaved rocks, appeared in the midst of the foaming mass, while straight out from the broken end of Hallett's Point shot a great black column of mud, piercing and traversing the white aerated water, it seemed, for hundreds of feet, like a column of black smoke bursting through volumes of steam. In the foreground of our picture is another dangerous obstruction—Flood Rock, on which the little house stands. This rock is next to be mined and blown up by General Newton. It is seven times as large as the reef just destroyed. Higher up the river may be seen Great Mill Rock, and beyond that Ward's Island, with its public buildings.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

General Newton, whose portrait we present on this page, was born in Virginia in the year 1823, and graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1842. From the year 1843 until 1846 he was Assistant-Professor of Engineering at West Point. In 1852 he was made a First Lieutenant; in July, 1856, Captain; in August, 1861, Major; in September, 1861, Brigadier-General of Volunteers; in March, 1863, Major-General of Volunteers, and in December, 1865, Brevet Major-General of the regular army. General Newton was engaged in the Utah expedition in 1858, and assisted at the construction of Forts Delaware and Mifflin. During the rebellion he commanded a brigade in the campaign on the Peninsula, and fought at Gaines's Mill and Glendale, also at South Mountain and Antietam, for which he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, September 17, 1862. He commanded a division at Fredericksburg and at Gettysburg, and for his services was breveted Colonel, July 3, 1863. He commanded the First Corps from July to December, 1863, and the second division of the Fourth Corps during the invasion of Georgia, from May to September, 1864. He was engaged at Rocky-faced Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw, Peach-tree Creek, Jonesborough, and the siege and capture of Atlanta. He was commander of the district of Key West and Tortugas from October, 1864, to June, 1865. For his services at Peach-tree Creek and Atlanta he was breveted Brigadier-General, and at the close of the war was breveted Major-General United States Army for gallant services during the rebellion.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

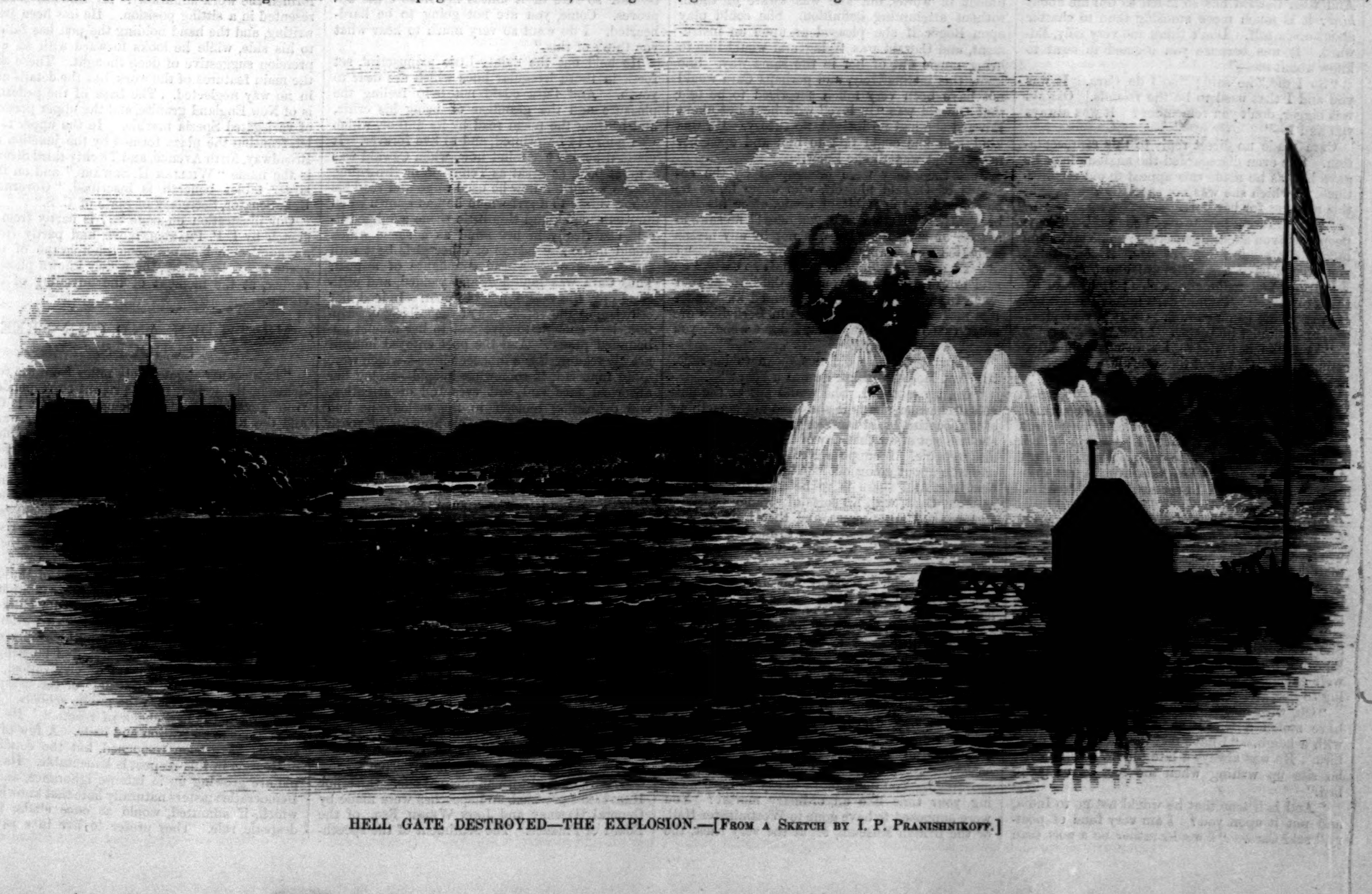
CHAPTER XVII.

AN EARLY VISITOR.

Cara had a visitor quite early next day, when she had just retired up stairs to the drawing-room after breakfast. It was Edward Meredith, who came with some message from his mother. He had been Cara's friend when they were both children, though Oswald was the one who had claimed her intimacy since she grew up; and he had come now on a sort of investigation to see for himself whether his brother had taken his place. I think Cara, too, had a consciousness of Edward's meaning, though neither of them could have put it into words, and no idea of love, properly so called, was in the minds of the boy and girl. To be sure, he was twenty-one, no longer legally a boy, and thought himself very much a man in many ways. He was aware that the little serious maiden, who had been the friend of his childhood, appeared very sweet and attractive to him now, and that he did not like Oswald to assume the privileged place by her; to be the one who talked with her and walked with her, and offered her those small services which it is often more pleasant to render than to receive. Edward was not jealous of his brother, but he had the suppressed consciousness of being placed at a disadvantage by Oswald, which is not very unusual in the mind of the younger of such a pair. Oswald had been, not above him, but a step in front of him, all his life; he had what those who did not like him called more showy qualities, what those who did like him described as greater talents than Edward's. He talked better, he was more ready in demonstration of his sentiments, and could always express himself—whether on paper or in speech—more fluently. These were real advantages; and to these, as was natural, the young man who felt himself to be second added others which were not so real. He thought Oswald's verses, and literary pretensions, and gracefulness, and good looks, were all infinitely superior to his own, and was apt to be depressed, and not to do himself justice in Oswald's presence. It was a relief to find how late Oswald was, and that he could come in, early in the morning, to test Cara, and find out if all her friendliness had been transferred to his brother. If so, Edward would not grumble, but he would know what he had to expect, and would not look at any thing more. When he had delivered his mother's message, there was a little pause. They had both a little ingenuous awe of each other, and did not know how to begin.

"How long it is since I have been here!" Edward said at last; "not since the days when I used to be afraid to move for fear of breaking some of the beautiful things. My mother wisely refrained from china in those days; but we were always told that Mrs. Beresford was 'very particular.' You do not mind my speaking of her? I remember her so well lying on the sofa, like a picture. You are like her, Cara, but not very like her—"

"No; for she was beautiful," said Cara, simply; and Edward took her words as she said them,



HELL GATE DESTROYED—THE EXPLOSION.—[From a Sketch by I. P. Pranishnikoff.]

without interposing a laughing compliment, as Oswald would have done. "I do not mind, though sometimes I wonder, when I am sitting alone here—"

"You wonder—what?"

"All about her," said Cara, her voice dropping lower; "about her dying. Don't you think it must be hard to die like that when every body wishes you to live? And then—about—whether she ever comes here; the drawing-room is just as she left it—"

Edward looked round it, following her glance. He did not smile; his countenance had an air of sympathy and interest, almost awe.

"It is so strange, sitting here when all the house is still. One seems to see a chair placed differently to what it was before. I did not do it; and then every thing is so still. One feels as if some one was looking, gazing at one. Sometimes I am sure that the eyes are there—not unkind, to frighten me, but solemn and steady, not changing from one thing to another, as we do. Did you ever think what happens when we die?"

"Not much, I am afraid," said the young man, himself feeling the spell of the stillness, and as if those eyes might be upon him of which she spoke. "But, Cara, you ought not to be here by yourself, for it can not be good for you to feel like this, or to be thinking such things. I like you to be here; but it would be better, more natural, for you in the country. You ought not to stay—"

"This is home," said Cara, with a little sigh, and then she brightened up. "I think I am making believe for the pleasure of being sympathized with," she said. "I am not dull. It is only sometimes, only now and then, in the morning. Somehow one feels more lonely in the morning, when every body is busy. To have nothing to do, and to see no one all the long, active forenoon. At the Hill one could run out in the garden. There was always something to do, or if it rained there was work; but no one asks what I do with myself here."

"My poor little Cara! Forgive me; I thought you were a little girl again."

"Oh, I don't need to forgive you. It is very kind of you, Edward. Am I a little girl, or am I rather old? I can't be quite sure sometimes. I suppose it is because I am fanciful," said Cara, the tears coming to her eyes in spite of herself. "Aunt Cherry always said I was. Look, I am going to cry—for nothing at all! You never—th—thought I was so silly," she said, with a smile on her face, but a childish sob breaking her voice.

"I wish you were with Aunt Cherry again," said Edward; "you ought not to be left by yourself here."

"Oh, I must be here. It is home, and I like it sometimes. Your mother is very kind to me; and Oswald comes and talks—"

Perhaps it was scarcely possible that Edward should resist this temptation to inquire into Oswald's degree of favor. He was not jealous. No, he thought, he felt sure that he was not jealous; but he was always the second, and no one likes that. He felt a slight passing sting and check when she spoke of Oswald, and in spite of himself could not but feel anxious to find what degree of intimacy existed between them.

"Do you say this to Oswald? Does he know?" he added.

"I never said any thing," said Cara, recovering herself; "why should I? It was nonsense. And then Oswald has so much to tell me about *him*; it is much more amusing than to chatter about one's self. Don't think me very silly, Edward. It was because you seemed to want to know about *me*—"

"So I did," he said; "so I do, Cara. It was you and I that used to be the friends. Oswald was bigger, don't you remember? It was always you and I—"

Cara made no direct reply to this representation. She even disregarded the anxious look he gave her, as he made this appeal to old recollections, of which she was not specially thinking at this moment for her part.

"How different people are!" she said. "Some people tell you about themselves; some make you talk, I don't know how, of *you*. I don't think you would have a good moral effect upon me, Edward. You make me selfish; you make me think of myself. Oswald does not ask about me. He makes me listen to him. Oh, it is very pleasant, and it must be better. I feel sure—"

"You like it better? I am such an uninteresting fellow, Cara, not like Oswald. I prefer to hear about you—"

"Thanks," she said, with a little shy glance at him, and a slight reddening which she could not explain. "Did you think poor Roger very rough and very strange last night? I hope you did not think badly of him. He was, perhaps, a little cross; but he is not like that always, not even often. I don't think I ever saw him so cross before."

"I understand him, Cara. He was an old friend too, and he hoped to have you to himself, whereas he found you among still older friends than he was, and intimate, and at your ease. And he was not at all at his ease. I understand him. I have had the very same sort of thing done to me."

"With whom?" Cara asked, rather abruptly. She was surprised, even slightly nettled, without knowing why. Did Edward know any other girl well enough? she asked herself. It was nothing to her, and yet she was half displeased.

"Oh, with no one in particular," he said. "I have stolen a march upon Oswald," he added, with a laugh. "I have had the luck of the early bird. He was always a late fellow. To be sure, he sits up writing when the rest of us go to bed."

"And is it true that he would not go to India, and put it upon you? I am very fond of poetry," said Cara. "I would rather be a poet than any thing else in the world, but not to put the disagreeable work upon some one else—not to please myself at the expense of another."

"That is not the way to put it, Cara. I am really the one that can go best. Oswald should have a brilliant career at home. He is clever enough to do whatever he pleases, but it is not the same with me. Oh, I am not going in for humility. I can cram for an examination better than he can. It is a humble quality, but it is very serviceable. So we have both the part that suits us best."

"But you don't like it, Edward."

"Which of us likes best the special thing he has got to do? We all think something else would be better. Even you, Cara— Oh, Heaven knows I did not mean to vex you! Is it I that have brought the tears into your eyes?"

"No," she said, putting out her hand; "but it is quite true. I am—out of sorts, I suppose, this morning. I can't help crying; and what you say is quite true. One always thinks something else would be better. Aunt Cherry says the same thing, but different. Edward, I will try to go to my India as you go to yours—without grumbling."

"If I had not grumbled you would not have known any thing about it," he said; "and, Cara, if you were coming to India, I should not grumble. I should be quite reconciled. It is parting from every one I care for that makes it so hard to me."

A kind of crimson reflection had come over Cara's face—not a blush, much more visionary than real—a reflection of a blush—the touch of a vague sentiment which was somehow in the air, and which lighted upon the girl's face because it was more sensitive than the boy's—that was all. But he saw the shadow of a rosy tint over her features, and it moved him with a vague sweetness of fancy, he did not quite know what. If Cara were to go to India—not with him, not as his wife—his thoughts had not gone so far—but if she too had to go, in some incomprehensible, delightful way, how the aspect of that banishment would change! All at once, as he sat there, he seemed to see himself looking over the high bulwarks of the ship by her side, the blue water flying in soft ripples behind them, the foam bubbles dancing on the waves, the sunshine shining, all the world so new and so sweet. How distinctly he realized the scene, which was just about as likely as that the Queen should go with Edward to India! He came back from that vision as from a long way off, with a half-choking sigh.

"That is nonsense, I suppose. Still, it is that, and not India, that vexes me. Parting from those I care for here."

"And Oswald—would have had that too."

"Yes," said Edward, doubtfully, "Oswald would have had that too; but Oswald—"

He stopped, and Cara did not ask him to go on. There was a little doubt in the repetition of the name. "But Oswald—" What was he going to say? She was too shy, too conscious, to ask. Cara did not blush, even in this shadowy way, when Oswald spoke to her, but she had a vague sense that perhaps he would be pleased to make her blush—would like to move her. She was far more clear-sighted about him than about Edward. Just as she knew her own power over Roger, she knew that Oswald would be pleased to have a like power over herself. She did not discriminate these fine differences of sentiment in words, but she was aware of them, without attempting definition. She could play upon Roger if she pleased as upon an instrument, and Oswald was trying and would like to bring music out of her in the same way. She knew this instinctively, and perhaps Cara would not have been very much surprised to be told that Oswald was "in love" with her; but about Edward she had no insight, no theory. He was kind, and she could talk to him and open her heart; that was all she knew.

Just then they were interrupted by the entrance of Oswald himself, who came in, as he had got into the habit of doing, after his late breakfast. "Halloo, Ned, you here!" he said, in a tone of surprise. He was not by any means delighted by the appearance of his brother. "I did not expect to find you occupied so early," he said to Cara. "Have you had the bear at your levée too? I hope he has recovered his temper this morning. If your natives in Berkshire are all of that complexion, Cara, I don't wonder you are glad to get away."

"Poor Roger! he did not mean to be rude. Did Mrs. Meredith think he was a bear?"

"Oh, my mother! She would not be the universal charmer she is if she were not something of a hypocrite," said Oswald. "You may be sure she will not allow that any of her visitors is ever disagreeable. I suppose Ned brought you her message about going out? Then I need not repeat it. And there is to be a tea-drinking to-morrow, Cara, with all sorts of strange beasts—authors and authoresses, and that kind of people. If you will keep close to me, I'll tell you who they are. It will be a very funny company."

"But, Oswald, I thought you were an author too. Why do you laugh at them? I should have thought there would be sympathy—"

"Wait till you see them," he said, with a laugh. "My dear little Cara, there is a great difference always between out-and-out professionals and—other people. A man may indulge in as much literature as he pleases, and it does him no harm; indeed, it may chance to do him a little good. But the people who have nothing but literature to stand upon, that's a different thing altogether. They are generally people who are out of society. Ned, what are you going to do this morning? You don't mean to say you are wasting your time like an ordinary mortal? You were supposed to have gone to Westminster Hall, or the British Museum, or, at the very least, the London Library. See how cheaply some people get a character for virtue! And all the time, Cara, he was amusing himself and talking to you."

"I am going to work now," said Edward. "Remember, this is the first chance I have had of seeing Cara. You are not to sit and think," he said, softly, taking her hand. "Go to my mother, will you, Cara? Do not stay all the long morning here."

"I shall not be—dull," she said, in the same tone, with a grateful, friendly look, which went to Edward's heart. He was comforted, though he had to go away and leave the field clear for his brother, and did so without even the half-painful, half-compunctious feeling as of a grudge which he was ashamed of, which generally moved him when Oswald was concerned. Why should he entertain any grudge at his brother's success? If Oswald was not more agreeable, more bright, more winning than himself, he would not be more popular. But, more than all these reasonings, with which he was familiar, Edward felt the consolation of those discriminating words by which Cara had indicated the difference between himself and his brother—he, who made her talk; Oswald, who talked of himself. This kept him warm all the way to Westminster Hall, or wherever else it was that he went to pursue his studies for the future government of India; but perhaps the way in which he had occupied the first hours of the morning did not make his mind more clear for this much more important subject of thought.

"It is well that there should be one hard-working fellow in the family," said Oswald, as the door closed, "for the family's sake; and then it is astonishing what a zest it gives to one's own leisure—like—I suppose I must not quote Latin to you, Cara—like seeing a ship pitching and tossing at sea when one is safe on shore."

"How can you say so? how dare you say so?" cried Cara, with flashing eyes. "Oh, what is the good of your poetry and stuff, if it only makes you enjoy the sight of another person working—doing what you ought to have done? Is that all the good it is? It ought to be something pure, something noble, something to make your heart rise—"

"Why, Cara!" cried Oswald, aghast, yet half laughing. "Poetry and stuff! Is it you who are speaking, or some one else? This is quite a new outbreak for you."

"I did not mean that," cried Cara, with the hot blush of youthful shame. "Still, if poetry does not make you more—a man—does not make you stronger and better, and more noble and true—"

"My dear little girl! Poetry is not morals and the Ten Commandments. You have got confused in your reasonings. Come, never mind scolding me, Cara. Listen to this. Your little temper has been put out with your bear last night and Ned's gravities this morning. You want me to smooth you down again. And I don't like to be scolded. It answers with coarser natures, but I am too sensitive. I want the warm atmosphere of commendation to bring me out. Ask my mother if it has not been ever thus from childhood's hour. Ned can stand it. You may scold him for his good as much as you please; he will like it. But come here, Cara mia. Listen to this—"

"Oh, Oswald!"

"Don't scold me, Cara. Look here. I am just going to send it off to the *Piccadilly*. I shall not be half so sure of it unless my little critic approves. Come, you are not going to be hard-hearted. I do want so very much to hear what you think of this."

He held out the dainty little manuscript, set forth in those irregular lines which are dear to youth. And Cara could not help feeling the pleasure and the grandeur of being his critic, and hearing the poem read by its author, which was going to be printed, and to live forever. It glanced across her mind how, when Oswald was a great poet, as great as Tennyson or Browning, people would tell how he used to go and read his young verses to a girl whom he had known when he was a child, and this little scene arranged itself historically in her mind as a scene which would make the hearts of other girls beat with secret envy of her—the confidante of a poet. Thus Cara was mollified, and yielded, and criticised only the verses, not the poet. Indeed, her criticism of the verses was of the mildest description, just enough to give zest to her almost unbounded praise. And the poet enjoyed himself greatly reading those innocent lines—which were quite innocent, if somewhat insipid—seeing her absorbed face and soft eyes full of attention, and delighting himself in the melody he had made. How wonderful is this appetite of youth for mere rhyme! Cara listened to each line chiming with the other in a trance of attention. It was as sweet to her as if it had been the truest music, and charmed her very soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

Thursday, September 28, was "Pennsylvania Day" at the Centennial, and, as was natural, the crush on the grounds was tremendous. Full 250,000 people were present. The day had been declared a legal holiday by the Governor, and from early morning till late in the evening a steady stream of humanity poured into the grounds from all quarters. One of the most pleasant features was the attendance of the school-children, who came from the city on special trains, and marched into the grounds bearing banners. The set programme for the day included a meeting in the morning in the Judges' Pavilion. The Boston Quartette opened with an original ode. Governor Hartranft presided, and speeches were made by General Hawley and John Welsh, Esq., of the Board of Finance. The sentiment of the speeches lay in the fact that Pennsylvania contributed largely to the Exhibition, as did Philadelphia. In fact, it was held that but for the combined efforts of the city and State, the Exhibition would have been but a small affair. Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster was the orator of the day, and in eloquent language told of the resources of the State and her wealth.

At the conclusion of the oration speeches were made by ex-Governors Bigler and Pollock, and United States Senator Simon Cameron, ex-Judge Strong of the Supreme Court, and ex-United States Senator John Scott. In the afternoon Governor Hartranft held a reception at the Pennsylvania State Building, which was well attended—in fact, there was too much attendance for comfort. The most noticeable feature was the reception the Governor gave to the soldiers' orphans who were present, representing ninety-three regiments. Mayor Stokley also held a reception, in the Philadelphia Municipal Building.

The ceremonies concluded by a grand display of fire-works in the evening on George's Hill, of which we give an illustration on page 833; and the immense crowd, which numbered, inside and out of the grounds, nearly five hundred thousand, attempted to get back to the city as best they might, which was no easy task.

Among the special displays of interest was an exhibition of illuminated photographic transparencies, by the Centennial Photographic Company, in front of their own building, under the direction of the efficient superintendent, Mr. Edward L. Wilson. The display included many of the pictures taken especially for *Harper's Weekly*, and these were received with marked enthusiasm by the thousands of spectators gathered to enjoy the beautiful sight.

Some of the most interesting objects to be seen in the Main Building may be found in the west end, shown on page 832. Japan, China, Sweden, and Norway there present a variety of exhibits that has attracted the attention of all who have visited the great fair.

THE SEWARD STATUE.

The statue erected at Madison Square, in this city, in memory of Mr. Seward, was unveiled Wednesday, September 27, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The proceedings were formally opened by the President of the Department of Parks, there were brief addresses by the Hon. John Bigelow and Mayor Wickham, and an oration by the Hon. W. M. Evarts, who pronounced a glowing panegyric on the great statesman.

The scheme for the erection of this statue originated about three years ago with a number of prominent citizens, who took steps to promote the enterprise. The expense was estimated at about twenty-five thousand dollars. No difficulty was experienced in raising the necessary funds. Two hundred and fifty subscribers were found who at once put down $100 each, among these original subscribers being President Grant, General A. E. Burnside, General Daniel Butterfield, Messrs. Appleton & Co., J. V. L. Pruyn, George M. Van Nort, Richard and Augustus Schell, E. D. Morgan, Thurlow Weed, Isaac Bell, George J. Forrest, Commodore Vanderbilt, Commodore Garrison, Brown Brothers & Co., Sheridan Shook, and A. S. Diven.

The commission for the execution of the statue was given to Mr. Randolph Rogers, who has performed the work admirably. Mr. Seward is represented in a sitting position. He has been just writing, and the hand holding the pen has fallen to his side, while he looks forward with an expression suggestive of deep thought. These are the main features of the work, but the details are in no way neglected. The base of the pedestal is of New England granite, and the upper portion of variegated Spezia marble. In the upper tablet, fronting the plaza formed by the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street, is the name "William H. Seward," and on the larger tablet beneath is inscribed, "Governor, U. S. Senator, Secretary of State of U. S."

Our illustration on page 837 is partly from a sketch by I. P. Pranishnikoff, and partly from an admirable instantaneous photograph of the scene taken by Kurtz, the widely known photographer, at the moment of the unveiling of the statue.

MR. TILDEN AND OUR FREE SCHOOLS.

"In a county about ninety miles from the residence of the writer," says a recent correspondent from Texas, "where the Democratic vote is 600 and the Republican 900, a school-teacher was a few days ago notified that unless he left the place that night he would be mobbed; he was a Republican, and told the writer that not a Republican vote would be polled in that county in the coming election." The school-master seems the favorite object of the malice of the Southern Democracy. While in all civilized countries he is fast rising to a controlling influence in politics, while the interests of public instruction in France and England form the most important topic of the day, it is not pleasant to look upon the condition of the teacher in the New World and its chief republic. Here in the Southern States we find a whole party, and that too often the ruling one, driving away the school-master and laboring to shut out the first elements of civilization. In Georgia one of the earliest acts of the usurping Democracy was to close the public schools. The teacher felt the first shock of reaction. He was driven out to starvation and exile. A few of the schools have been re-opened, but the condition of Georgia in this respect is lamentable. Its people are growing up in intense ignorance, and its Democratic masters naturally hate that knowledge which, if admitted, would at once shake their despotic rule. They prefer to live in a savage

isolation, such as Japan and China once cultivated and have abandoned. No one in many parts of Georgia can venture to avow that he belongs to the party of progress. To defend free schools, human equality, the rights and dignity of labor, would soon bring some fatal punishment. In several of its counties, where the Republicans have a vast majority, scarcely a school-house can be found, and no Republican vote can be polled; and on the Democracy of Georgia Mr. TILDEN relies for a sure and merciless support. Wherever the school-master is persecuted and exiled, Mr. TILDEN is the favorite candidate of the persecutors. The flight of the exiled teacher from his home in Texas no doubt secures the whole county for Mr. TILDEN by a unanimous vote.

Texas is Democratic. It is allowed by its own press to be the worst governed of all the States. "Our State government is a curse, our laws a mockery," says the Democratic San Antonio *Herald*. Here, too, one of the first acts of the Democrats when they came into power was to close the public schools. Almost in one day one hundred thousand children who under Republican legislation and liberality were gaining the first elements of civilization and good morals, were turned away into utter ignorance. It is one of the saddest passages in modern history. One can not reflect upon the fate of the children of Georgia, Texas, and almost the whole South, without a vivid indignation. They had been brought by the Republicans within the influence of good morals and good order; they were learning some traits of humanity and even refinement. A few years of only tolerable training must have transformed the new generation at the South into an intelligent and industrious class of active laborers, and given an impulse to its productiveness such as it had never felt before. The indolent, dissipated, swash-buckler class of men who too often rule its society would have been swept away. Its people would have learned the sanctity of human life, obedience to the law. They would no longer have brandished the bowie-knife, or lived in perpetual broils, have been divided into an ignorant multitude, and the rule of a savage and cruel minority. Had free schools been maintained in Alabama or Texas for only five years, we should have already seen their beneficent fruits. Murders would have grown rarer; honesty would have checked repudiation; the country would have been rapidly developed; its peace secured. Those who graduate at the public schools, it is found by careful statistics, are least inclined to the deeds of violence and dishonesty which mark every where the Democratic rule at the South. But the Democrats closed the schools, and left the people to a miserable degradation. In Alabama they diminished the grants for education to a wretched pittance. In Texas we are told by one of their own papers—the San Antonio *Herald*—that the Democratic legislators have appropriated the whole school fund, "the sacred trust," to their own purposes, and squander in riot and license what was meant for the cultivation of all the children. It is no wonder that murder goes unpunished, and free speech is almost unknown in this unlucky State. A Roman Catholic and ultramontane cabal rules over the public schools of Missouri, and meditates their destruction. Kentucky has 330,000 illiterates over ten years of age; but the progressive party, led by General HARLAN and his associates, is boldly carrying on the battle for knowledge. In all the Southern States the party of ignorance is unanimous in its support of TILDEN. If the Democracy succeed at the next election, and our acute "reformer" and his Southern bravos and Confederates take the command of the nation, the school-master will be driven from every Southern State, and intense ignorance become the distinguishing trait of a large section of the American Union forever. Mr. TILDEN's followers will make short shrift with their most dangerous adversary, the teacher. "If TILDEN is elected," writes a correspondent, with a family of three children, and property and occupation, "I shall be compelled to leave here. Texas will be too hot for any prominent Republican, or any one who has been a friend to the negro." To teach the colored population has always been held a mark of disloyalty to their order worthy of stripes or death by the wild Ku-Klux Democracy at the South. The worst enemies of the children—our Northern Democrats—look on approvingly while their savage associates whip the school-master and shut the public schools.

There is, indeed, no greater disgrace to our country than this system of things which Mr. TILDEN and his Democratic supporters would maintain in the Southern States. It is a barbarous condition of ignorance which all other nations have cast off with disdain. In every other country, except where the Papal Church or Turkish savages interpose, the government watches zealously over the education of its children. In the chief of modern republics the condition of public instruction throughout one-third of its borders is worse than that of Italy and Spain. It is said that in their recent barbarities in Bulgaria the Bashi-Bazouks practiced their worst cruelties upon the teachers of the Protestant free schools. They hate and fear the power of knowledge. Our Bashi-Bazouks of Florida or Mississippi are scarcely behind their Turkish models. One teacher was recently whipped in Florida. In Georgia no one is told what happens to them. In Texas and Alabama they are starved or exiled. And the result of this brutality is alarming and ominous to the peace of the nation; for how can republican institutions continue to exist in a section of the country more than one-half the population of which over ten years of age can not read and write? The territory stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande is as low in the educational grade as the western departments of France, where the priests have enforced ignorance for ages—of all civilized countries the darkest and most degraded section. There is in all the Southern States a large party—no doubt a large majority of their people—who, if they dared to utter a free opinion, would demand the introduction of a national system of education, and condemn ignorance, violence, and bloodshed by a general voice. But in their way stand Mr. TILDEN and his leaguers. In nearly every State the enemies of the common schools have won political power by force and fraud, intimidation, bloodshed. A Hamburg or Vicksburg massacre is all that is needed to convert a Republican majority into an overwhelming vote for TILDEN. The Democratic party throughout all the Southern States has proved its hostility to the common schools by wasting the school funds and closing the school-houses. And it is plain that so long as the Democracy remains in power, the Southern people will be held by their masters in a condition of ignorance unequaled among nations. The number of the uneducated in these States given by the last census is startling. Virginia, with a population of 1,225,000, had 445,000 persons over ten years who could not write; Tennessee, in a population of 1,258,000, furnished 364,000 illiterates; Texas, in 818,000, 221,000; Arkansas, 133,000 in a population of less than half a million. Of 996,000 Alabamians, not one person out of three could write; of 1,184,000 Georgians, 468,000 over ten years were in the same plight. And in all these instances the illiterates are nearly equally divided between whites and blacks. It is not likely that the proportion has changed since 1870. And it is easy to see that the chief and most pressing want of these States is a thorough system of education.

But if Mr. TILDEN and his Southern friends come into power, there can be no hope of progress for the unlucky South. It must remain shut out from the civilized world by an intolerant and cruel tyranny. No man will venture to speak of progress within its borders, and the whole power of the national government will be employed to check the growth of knowledge. If the violent minority at the South can elect TILDEN, literature, scholarship, genius, intelligence, will be banished from a large section of the American Union forever. For without freedom of speech and thought, and, above all, without education, there can only follow an intense moral and mental decay.

We are asked by these enemies of the teacher and of knowledge at the South to accept the man they have nominated for President, and commit the country to their care. It will be the teacher who will give them a suitable reply. From Maine to California, wherever the ballot-box is still free from the intimidation and the violence of Mr. TILDEN's Southern friends, there can be no doubt of the result. The cry of the New World in the hundredth year of its independence will be every where for free education and free speech. Vermont and Maine have already answered the enemies of the teacher by a memorable rebuke. To whip or exile teachers is evidently not to their taste. And from every school-house, and from every school district, wherever our magnificent common-school system extends its protecting shelter over freedom and human equality, the teacher and the scholar will unite in securing an unprecedented victory for knowledge.

The Republican party offers to the country toleration, equality, the safety of human life, knowledge, and all the triumphs of freedom. It will promote good order, encourage and enforce the sentiment of union. It is the party of the teacher. Its success will bring unexampled prosperity to every section of the country. The Southern and ultramontane Democracy plunged into a wild rebellion, and spread intense poverty among the people. The Republican party has restored the Union and peace. It can not at once restore to ease the working-man whom the Democracy has driven to want. It can not rebuild at once the school-houses of the South. But already the tide of prosperity is turning toward us. With the success of Republicanism in 1876, it is certain that ours must again become the most fortunate of countries, and the working-man rise at once to unexampled ease.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER, 1876.

Sunday, 15.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 18.—St. Luke.
Sunday, 22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Wednesday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 5.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

THE notes of preparation for religious services in New York city during the fall and winter are very distinct. The absent pastors have returned to their pulpits, and settled down to their work. The Rev. Dr. TYNG'S Gospel Tent, which was blown down during one of the recent storms, will be set up again. It has never lacked a large congregation. Chickering Hall will be opened soon for daily meetings. Drs. TALMAGE, TYNG, DURYEA, FULTON, and others are announced as speakers. The Tabernacle Lay College, in Brooklyn, will re-open October 24. A thousand students have already gone through its course of instruction. There are five professors, who are aided by eminent ministers as occasional lecturers.

The *Tablet*, of this city, although denying the truth of the report that Father BECKX, the head of the order of Jesuits, is the intended successor of Pope PIUS IX., favors the choice. It says: "We wish we could believe that the learning and holiness of the saintly General of the Jesuits was to be contributed to the Sacred College. It indeed would be a gracious return for the dissolution of the society by CLEMENT XIV.; and should the Holy Spirit indicate him for the papal chair, it would be a grand answer of the Church to the calumnies of the world against those devoted followers of Jesus." The elevation of Father BECKX to the cardinalate, and his further elevation to the papal chair, are not impossible, and yet there is no assurance whatever of the truth of the report which has set the world to speculating upon these contingencies.

The effort to extend the American Sunday-school system throughout the Continent of Europe has been attended with encouraging success. As a rule, on the Continent the public religious instruction is given to children by the school-masters, and by the ministers prior to confirmation. The "Foreign Sunday-school Association," whose head-quarters are in Brooklyn, has now organized in Europe 1233 schools, with an aggregate of 4720 teachers, and 82,623 scholars. Successful schools are now to be found in Geneva, Zurich, Leipsic, Florence, Naples, and Rome. The association has been in existence about twelve years.

Bishop CRIDGE, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who went to England to visit the Free Episcopal Church, has returned to the United States. While abroad he consecrated Bishop PRICE, of the Free Church, and united with Bishop PRICE in the consecration of the Rev. WILLIAM SUGDEN, of Christ Church, Teddington. After a short stay in New York, he left for his home in Victoria.

A resolution has been adopted by the North Baptist Association of Boston, appointing a committee to inquire whether the Warren Avenue Church, of which the Rev. G. F. PENTECOST is pastor, has departed from "the faith and practice" of the denomination. This church practices open as distinguished from close communion. The committee will report at the next meeting of the association.

A paper has been received by Dr. VON DÖLLINGER which has doubtless afforded him much gratification. It is an address signed by 347 clergymen and 277 laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in which the signers express their satisfaction with the results of the Bonn Congress held in 1875, and their gratitude to Dr. VON DÖLLINGER as its originator. The proceedings of the Bonn Congress are much discussed in Russia. The account of them has been published not only in Russia, but also in Servia and Roumania.

The comments of the press of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church on the "basis of fraternity" adopted by the joint commissioners are very favorable. The *Southern Christian Advocate* says: "In view of all that has been said and done since 1844, so long as there was no definite and authoritative acknowledgment of our legitimacy, and consequent co-equality as a branch of Episcopal Methodism, both self-respect and security forbade formal fraternal relations. By the action of the commissioners this barrier has been burned away." The Holston *Methodist* expresses the opinion that, the reconciliation once established, the absorption of the weaker Church by the stronger will follow.

A Christian Chinaman, of Portland, Oregon, has replied, in the *Examiner and Chronicle*, to the charges brought against his countrymen on the Pacific coast. He states some facts which are worthy of notice. In 1872 the Chinese of San Francisco paid "a public revenue of $409,000." In the mining districts they are subjected to onerous taxes, many of which are levied in violation of all law. Perhaps the whole of the Chinese view of the occupation of America is expressed in these sentences: "America has been from the beginning a great battle-field of races. The battle between Europe and Africa is not ended before that between Europe and Asia is begun. A bad anti-Christian battle it is, in which those who claim to have power and intelligence demand as a right to oppress those who are ignorant and weak." The letter is strongly written.

As an instance of the manner in which the Roman Catholic priests drive the children over whom they have control from the public schools, the following is worthy of record. The story is told in the *Evening Journal*, of Jersey City: "The Catholic church in that portion of Bayonne known as Bergen Point, and comprising the First and Fourth wards, was for many years under the charge of Father M'GOVERN, who was regarded as being liberal in his views on the school question. He encouraged his congregation in the education of their children, and in consequence the Fourth Ward school was the largest in the city." Father M'GOVERN died last spring, and Father KILLEEN is now in charge of the church. "From the day of his arrival at Bergen Point," says the *Journal*, "until the present time Father KILLEEN has missed no opportunity in his church services to denounce in strongest terms the system of Catholic parents permitting their children to attend the public schools. From denunciation his efforts finally assumed the form of command, and the matter culminated yesterday morning [September 18] by 150 scholars being withdrawn from the public school and established in a parochial school at Brady's Hall. The children, on leaving their old teachers, were affected to tears." What now of the Catholic rhetoric about interference with parental rights?

The *Friend of India* states that the recent report of the English Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic was forwarded to WEN-SEANG, a high Chinese official at Pekin, and was by him given to the Pekin College and School of Languages for translation. The Chinese government, which is strongly opposed to the trade, is likely to take action on the question. The opposition in England grows stronger continually, and must in time be felt.

No recent development in the American Church has proved to be more important than the formation of women's missionary societies. Their missionaries in heathen countries have access to the homes of the people—an advantage so valuable that it can hardly be overestimated. The statistics also show that the contributions of these associations of Christian women are very large. Between 1860 and 1876 the Women's Union Missionary Society of the United States has raised $393,622; the Women's Congregational Board has raised, from 1868 to 1876, $414,634; the Women's Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, between 1869 and 1876, $319,480; the Women's Presbyterian Board, from 1870 to 1876, $316,831; the Baptist Women's Union, from 1871 to 1876, $119,000. These sums make an aggregate of more than a million and a half of dollars. Two hundred and eighty-seven missionaries are sustained by these women's boards.

The sentence in a recent address delivered by Lieutenant CAMERON, in which he spoke disparagingly of many of the men engaged as Christian missionaries in Africa, has been very satisfactorily explained by him. "Nothing," he writes, "can be grander than the man who devotes his life, his talents, and his energies to missionary labors. But what I wanted to urge was that proper care should be taken in the selection of missionaries. With regard to what I said about the necessity that missionaries should be gentlemen, I maintain I am in the right. Who could be better fitted for this glorious work than such men as Bishops MACKENZIE, PATTESON, SELWYN, HEBER, and CROWTHER, and I would add, Drs. MOFFATT and LIVINGSTONE, who were one and all Christian gentlemen in the truest sense of the word?"

Mr. JOHN PARSONS writes from Aleppo, Syria, to the London *Times* an account of the last illness of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the archæologist. In prosecuting this final expedition, Mr. SMITH had been greatly annoyed by the Turkish authorities, who for some reason appeared to take special pleasure in impeding his progress. Hearing, while at Aleppo, that the plague prevailed in Bagdad, he waited to ascertain the exact state of facts, and occupied the interval of time in exploring the right bank of the Euphrates. Here he discovered the city of Car-Chemish, the capital of the Hittites. Arrived at Bagdad, he purchased numerous tablets, and shipped them to England. Much time was spent, also, in translating the inscriptions on the tablets. He found that his plans for making excavations at Nineveh could not be carried out. "His utter indifference to his comforts," says this correspondent, "had impaired his health. He would ride from morning till night with nothing but a piece of bread in his pocket to support his strength. When arrived at some miserable village, he would throw himself on the ground to sleep a few hours, then ride on in the morning, unrefreshed by rest and uninvigorated by food." He was taken ill when about sixty miles from Aleppo, on his way back. It is satisfactory to know that his last hours were soothed by the care and attention of English friends. He died in Aleppo, to which city he had been brought upon a litter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG gentleman who moves in the best society of San Antonio said the other evening to a young lady, "The foliage is much more exuberant this year than usual." "Yes," she answered, thoughtfully, "all imported fruits is cheaper than they used to was."

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

"Courtship is bliss," said an ardent young man. "Yes, and matrimony is blister," snarled an old bachelor.

LADY (*to waiter*). "Don't put that ice into the goblet with your fingers."
WAITER. "Lor, ma'am, I don't mind; my hands are very warm."

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday-school was asked by his teacher whether he had learned any thing during the past week. "Oh yes," said he. "What have you learned?" "Never to trump your partner's trick," was the reply.

"A friend of ours," says the editor of a contemporary, "is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so weak now that he can't raise five dollars."

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?—Hailing omnibuses.

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A Friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of wag about it.

A little girl was asked the meaning of "happy." She gave a pretty answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your sister."

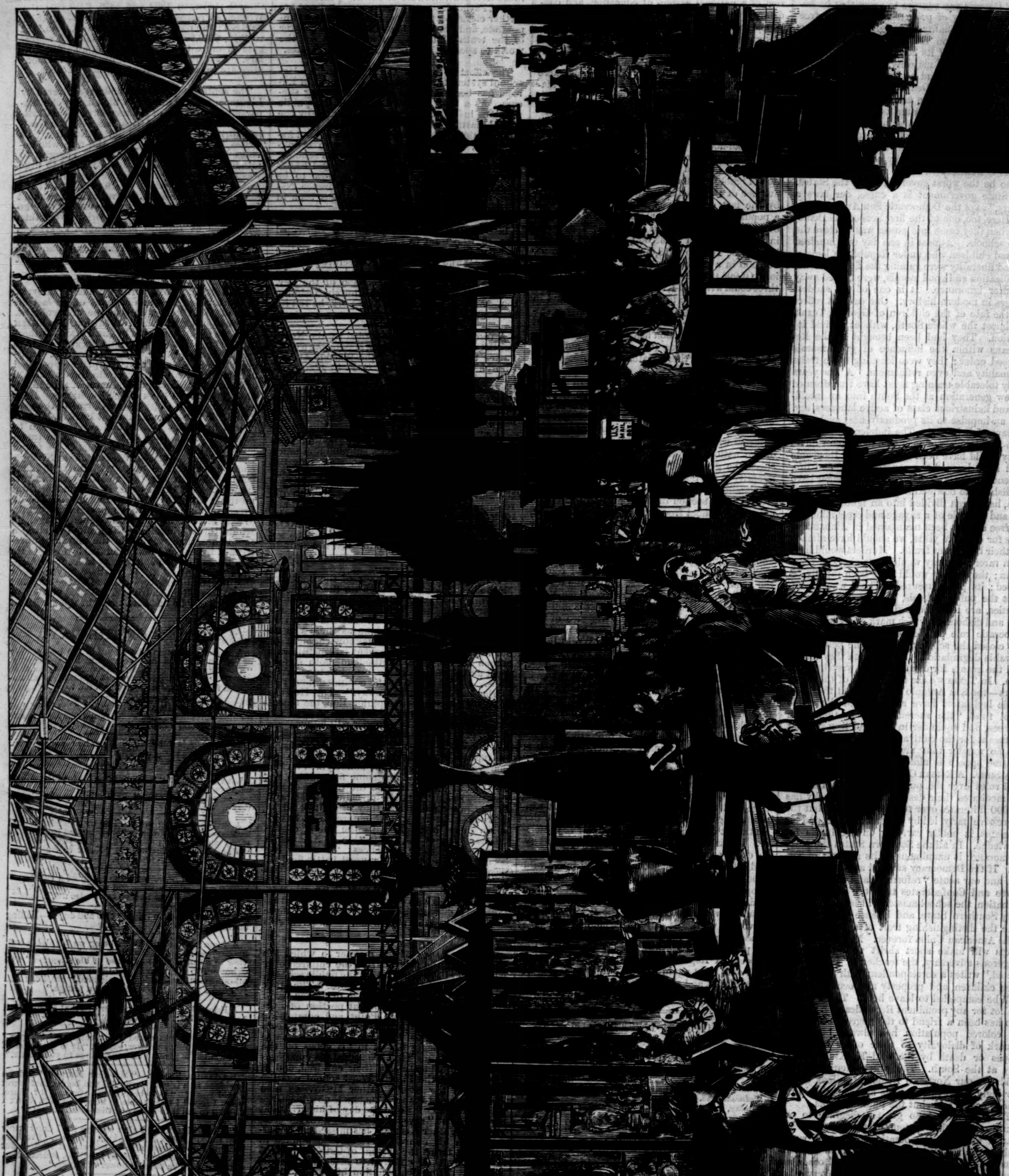
KEEPING A SECRET.—"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to a friend, "why did you betray that secret I told you?" "Is it betray that you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to some one that could keep it?"

"Why, Eliza Mary, I ain't seen ye for I don't know how long!" "No, Mrs. Jenkins, you ain't. I've been that ill I don't seem able to get well at all." "But haven't ye taken any remedy?" "No, indeed, Mrs. Jenkins, but I've taken a power of physic."

"Oh, I've loved before!" said a Detroit woman to her fourth husband, as she took a handful of hair from his head because he objected to hang out the week's washing.

A school-boy going out of the play-ground without leave, one of his masters called after him and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a half-penny," replied the youngster.

A lad, narrating a fight in which he had been engaged, said: "I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone; and I said, Bill, you stole my knife; and he said I was another; and I said, Go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tomb-stone at Cypress Hills; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he dersn't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?"



THE CENTENNIAL.—WEST END, MAIN BUILDING.—From a Photograph by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 830.]

THE CENTENNIAL.—FIRE-WORKS AND ILLUMINATION OF THE GROUNDS, PENNSYLVANIA DAY, SEPTEMBER 28.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 830.]

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROW.

Sir Cyprian did not again call at the house in Park Lane. He had heard of Constance Clanyarde's marriage during his African travels, and had come back to England resolved to avoid her, as far as it was possible for him to do so. Time and absence had done little to lessen his love, but he resigned himself to her marriage with another as an inevitable fact, only regretting she had married a man of whom he had by no means an exalted opinion. James Wyatt was one of the first persons he visited on his arrival in London, and from him he heard a very unsatisfactory account of the marriage. It was this that had induced him to break through his resolution and call in Park Lane. He wanted to see for himself whether Constance was obviously unhappy. He saw little, however, to enlighten him on this point. He found the girl he had so fondly loved transformed into a perfect woman of the world; and he could draw no inference from her careless gayety of manner, except that James Wyatt had said more than was justified by the circumstances of the case.

Instead of returning to Davenant for the autumn months, Mr. Sinclair chose this year to go to Germany, an extraordinary sacrifice of inclination, one might suppose, as his chief delight was to be found at English race meetings, and in the supervision of his stable at Newmarket.

Mrs. Sinclair's doctor had recommended change of some kind as a cure for a certain lowness of tone and general derangement of the nervous system under which his patient labored. The medical man suggested Harrowgate or Buxton, or some Welsh water-drinking place; but when Gilbert proposed Schönesthal, in the Black Forest, he caught at the idea.

"Nothing would be better for Mrs. Sinclair and the baby," he said; "and you'll be near Baden-Baden if you want gayety."

"I don't care about brass-bands and a lot of people," answered Gilbert; "I can shoot capercailzies. I shall get on well enough for a month or so."

Constance had no objection to offer to this plan. She cared very little where her life was spent, so long as she had her child with her. A charming villa had been found half hidden among pine-trees, and here Mr. Sinclair established his wife, with a mixed household of English and foreign servants. She was very glad to be so completely withdrawn from the obligations of society, and to be able to devote herself almost entirely to the little girl, who was, of course, a paragon of infantine grace and intelligence in the eyes of mother and nurse. The nurse was a young woman belonging to the village near Marchbrook, one of the pupils of the Sunday-school, whom Constance had known from girlhood. The nurse-maid who shared her duties in London had not been brought to Schönesthal, but in her place Mrs. Sinclair engaged a French girl, with sharp dark eyes and a very intelligent manner. Martha Briggs, the nurse, was rather more renowned for honesty and good temper than for intellectual qualifications, and she seemed unusually slow and stolid in comparison with the vivacious French girl. This girl had come to Baden with a Parisian family, and had been dismissed with an excellent character upon the family's departure for Vienna with a reduced staff. Her name was Melanie Duport, and she contrived very rapidly to ingratiate herself with her mistress, as she had done with the good priest of the little church she had attended during her residence at Baden, who was delighted with her artless fervor and unvarying piety. Poor Martha Briggs was rather inclined to be jealous of this new rival in her mistress's favor, and derived considerable comfort from the fact that the baby did not take to Melanie.

If the baby preferred her English nurse to Melanie, the little French girl, for her part, seemed passionately devoted to the baby. She was always eager to carry the child when the two nurses were out together, and resented Martha's determination to deprive her of this pleasure. One day when the two were disputing together upon this subject, Martha bawling at the French girl under the popular idea that she would make herself understood if she only talked loud enough, Melanie repeating her few words of broken English with many emphatic shrugs and frowns and nods, a lady stopped to listen to them and to admire the baby. She spoke in French to Melanie, and did not address Martha at all, much to that young person's indignation. She asked Melanie to whom the child belonged, and how long she had been with it, and whether she was accustomed to nursing children, adding, with a smile, that she looked rather too lady-like for a nurse-maid.

Melanie was quite subdued by this compliment. She told the lady that this was the first time she had been nurse-maid. She had been lady's-maid in her last situation, and had preferred the place very much to her present position. She told this strange lady nothing about that rapturous affection for the baby which she was in the habit of expressing in Mrs. Sinclair's presence. She only told her how uncomfortable she had been made by the English nurse's jealousy.

"I am staying at the Hôtel du Roi," said the lady, after talking to Melanie for some little time, "and should like to see you if you can find time to call upon me some evening. I might be able to be of some use to you in finding a new situation when your present mistress leaves the neighborhood."

Melanie courtesied, and replied that she would make a point of waiting upon the lady, and then the two nurses moved on with their little charge. Martha asked Melanie what the foreign lady had been saying, and the French girl replied carelessly that she had only been praising the baby.

"And well she may," answered Miss Briggs, rather snappishly, "for she's the sweetest child that ever lived; but, for my own part, I don't like foreigners, or any of their nasty, deceitful ways."

This rather invidious remark was lost upon Mademoiselle Duport, who only understood a few words of English, and who cared very little for her fellow-servant's opinion upon any subject.

In spite of Gilbert Sinclair's protestation of indifference to the attractions of brass-bands and crowded assemblies, he contrived to spend the greater part of his time at Baden, where the Goddess of Chance was still worshiped in the brilliant Kursaal, while his wife was left to drink her fill of forest beauty and that distant glory of inaccessible hills, which the sun dyed rosy red in the quiet even-tide.

In these tranquil days, while her husband was waiting for the turn of Fortune's wheel in the golden salon, or yawning over *Galignani* in the reading-room, Constance's life came far nearer happiness than she had ever dared to hope it could come, after her perjury at God's altar two years ago. Many a time, while she was leading her butterfly life in the flower garden of fashion, making dissipation stand for pleasure, she had told herself, in some gloomy hour of reaction, that no good ever could come of her marriage; that there was a curse upon it, a righteous God's anathema against falsehood. And then her baby had come, and she had shed her first happy tears over the sweet small face, the blue eyes looking up at her full of vague wonder, and she had thanked Heaven for this new bliss, and believed her sin forgiven. After that time Gilbert had changed for the worse, and there had been many a polite passage at arms between husband and wife, and these encounters, however courteously performed, are apt to leave ugly scars.

But now, far away from all her frivolous acquaintance, free from the all-engrossing duties of a fine lady's existence, she put all evil thoughts out of her mind, Gilbert among them, and abandoned herself wholly to the delight of the pine forest and baby. She was very gracious to Gilbert when he chose to spend an hour or two at home, or to drive with her in the pretty little pony-carriage in which she made most of her explorations; but she made no complaint, she expressed no curiosity as to the manner in which he amused himself, or the company he kept at Baden-Baden, and though that centre of gayety was only four miles off, she never expressed a wish to share in its amusements.

Gilbert was not an agreeable companion at this time. That deep and suppressed resentment against his wife, like rancorous Iago's jealousy, did "gnaw him inward," and although his old passionate love still remained, it was curiously interwoven with hatred.

Once when husband and wife were seated opposite each other, in the September twilight after one of their rare *tête-à-tête* dinners, Constance looked up suddenly and caught Gilbert's brooding eyes fixed upon her face with an expression which made her shiver.

"If you look at me like that, Gilbert," she said, with a nervous laugh, "I shall be afraid to drink this glass of Marcobrunner you've just poured out for me. There might be poison in it. I hope I have done nothing to deserve such an angry look. Othello must have looked something like that, I should think, when he asked Desdemona for the strawberry-spotted handkerchief."

"Why did you marry me, Constance?" asked Sinclair, ignoring his wife's speech.

There was something almost piteous in this question, wrung from a man who loved honestly, according to his lights, and whose love was turned to rancor by the knowledge that it had won no return.

"What a question, after two years of married life! Why did I marry you? Because you wished me to marry you; and because I believed you would make me a good husband, Gilbert; and because I had firmly resolved to make you a good wife."

She said this earnestly, looking at him through unshed tears. Since her own life had become so much happier, since her baby's caresses had awakened all the dormant tenderness of her nature, she had felt more anxious to be on good terms with her husband. She would have taken much trouble, made some sacrifice of womanly pride, to win him back to that amiable state of mind she remembered in their honey-moon.

"I've promised to meet Wyatt at the Kursaal this evening," said Sinclair, looking at his watch as he rose from the table, and without the slightest notice of his wife's reply.

"Is Mr. Wyatt at Baden?"

"Yes; he has come over for a little amusement at the tables—deuced lucky dog—always contrives to leave off a winner. One of those cool-headed fellows who know the turn of the tide. You've no objection to his being there, I suppose?"

"I wish you and he were not such fast friends, Gilbert. Mr. Wyatt is no favorite of mine."

"Isn't he? Too much of the watch-dog about him, I suppose. As for fast friends, there's not much friendship between Wyatt and me. He's a useful fellow to have about one, that's all. He has served me faithfully, and has got well paid for his services. It's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence on his side, and a matter of convenience on mine. No doubt Wyatt knows that as well as I do."

"Don't you think friendship on such a basis may be rather an insecure bond?" said Constance, gravely; "and that a man who can consent to profess friendship on such degrading terms is likely to be half an enemy?"

"Oh, I don't go in for such high-flown ethics. Jim Wyatt knows that it's his interest to serve me well, and that it's as much as his life is worth to play me false. Jim and I understand one another perfectly, Constance, you may be sure."

"I am sure that he understands you," answered Constance.

But Gilbert was gone before she had finished her sentence.

Baby, christened Christabel after the late Lady Clanyarde, was nearly a twelvemonth old, and had arrived, in the opinion of mother and nurse, at the most interesting epoch of babyhood. Her tender cooings, her joyous chucklings, her pretty cluck-clucking noises, as of anxious maternal hens calling their offspring, her inarticulate language of broken syllables, which only maternal love could interpret, were an inexhaustible fountain of delight. She was the blithest and happiest of babies, and every object in creation with which she became newly acquainted was a source of rapture to her. The flowers, the birds, the insect life of that balmy pine forest, filled her with delight. The soft blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, the rose-bud lips babbled her wordless wonder, the little feet danced with ecstasy.

"Oh," cried the delighted mother, "if she would always be just like this, my plaything and my darling! Of course I shall love her just as dearly when she is older—a long-armed lanky girl in a brown holland pinafore, always inking her fingers and getting into trouble about her lessons—like my sisters and me when we were in the school-room; but she can never be so pretty or so sweet again, can she, Martha?"

"Lor' mum, she'll always be a love," replied the devoted nurse; "and as for her arms being long and her fingers inky, you won't love her a bit less—and I'm sure I hope she won't be worried with too many lessons, for I do think great folks' children are to be pitied, half their time cooped up in school-rooms, or stretched out on backboards, or strumming on the piano, while poor children are running wild in the fields."

"Oh, Martha, how shocking," cried Mrs. Sinclair, pretending to be horrified, "to think that one of my favorite pupils should underrate the value of education!"

"Oh no, indeed, ma'am, I have no such thought. I have often felt what a blessing it is to be able to read a good book and write a decent letter. But I never can think that life was meant to be all education."

"Life is all education, Martha," answered her mistress, with a sigh, "but not the education of grammars and dictionaries. The world is our school, and time our school-master. No, Martha, my Christabel shall not be harassed with too much learning. We won't try to make her a paragon. Her life shall be all happiness and freedom, and she shall grow up without the knowledge of care or evil, except the sorrows of others, and those she shall heal; and she shall marry the man she loves, whether he is rich or poor, for I am sure my sweet one would never love a bad man."

"I don't say that, ma'am," reiterated Martha; "looks are so deceiving. I'm sure there was my own cousin, on the father's side, Susan Tadgers, married the handsomest young man in Marchbrook village, and before they'd been two years married he took to drinking, and was so neglectful of himself you wouldn't have known him; and now she's gone back to her friends; and his whiskers, that he used to take such a pride in, are all brown and shaggy, like a stray Scotch terrier."

The day after that somewhat unpleasant *tête-à-tête* between husband and wife, Gilbert Sinclair announced his intention of going back to England for the Leger.

"I never have missed a Leger," he said, as if attendance at that race were a pious duty, like the Commination service on Ash-Wednesday, "and I shouldn't like to miss this race."

"Hadn't we better go home at once, then, Gilbert? I am quite ready to return."

"Nonsense. I've taken this place till the 20th of October, and shall have to pay pretty stiffly for it. I shall come back directly after the Doncaster."

"But it will be a fatiguing journey for you."

"I'd just as soon be sitting in a railway train as any where else."

"Does Mr. Wyatt go back with you?"

"No; Wyatt stays at Baden for the next week or so. He pretends to be here for the sake of the waters, goes very little to the Kursaal, and lives quietly like a careful old bachelor who wishes to mend a damaged constitution, but I should rather think he had some deeper game than water-drinking."

Gilbert departed, and Constance was alone with her child. The weather was delightful—cloudless skies, balmy days, blissful weather for the grape gatherers on the vine-clad slopes that sheltered one side of this quaint old village of Schönesthal. A river wound through the valley, a deep and rapid stream narrowing in this cleft of the hills, and utilized by some saw-mills in the outskirts of the village, whence at certain seasons rafts of timber were floated down the Rhine.

A romantic road following the course of this river was one of Mrs. Sinclair's favorite drives. There were picturesque old villages and romantic ruins to be explored, and many lovely spots to be shown to baby, who, although inarticulate, was supposed to be appreciative.

Upon the first day of Gilbert's absence Martha Briggs came home from her afternoon promenade with baby looking flushed and tired, and complaining of sore throat. Constance was quick to take alarm. The poor girl was going to have a fever, perhaps, and must instantly be separated from baby. There was no medical man nearer than Baden, so Mrs. Sinclair sent the groom off at once to that town. She told him to inquire for the best English doctor in the place, or if there were no English practitioner at Baden, for the best German doctor. The moment she had given these directions, however, it struck her that the man, who was not remarkable for intelligence out of his stable, was likely to lose time in making his inquiries, and perhaps get misdirected at last.

"Mr. Wyatt is at Baden," she thought; "I dare say he would act kindly in such an extremity as this, though I have no opinion of his sincerity in a general way. Stop, Dawson," she said to the groom, "I'll give you a note for Mr. Wyatt, who is staying at the Badenscher Hof. He will direct you to the doctor. You'll drive to Baden in the pony-carriage, and, if possible, bring the doctor back with you."

Baby was transferred to the care of Melanie Duport, who seemed full of sympathy and kindliness for her fellow-servant, a sympathy which Martha Brigg's surly British temper disdained. Mrs. Sinclair had Martha's bed moved from the nursery into her own dressing-room, where she would be able herself to take care of the invalid. Melanie was ordered to keep strictly to her nurseries, and on no account to enter Martha's room.

"But if Martha has a fever, and madame nurses her, this little angel may catch the fever from madame," suggested Melanie.

"If Martha's illness is contagious I shall not nurse her," answered Constance. "I can get a nursing Sister from one of the convents. But I like to have the poor girl near me, that, at tne worst, she may know she is not deserted."

"Ah, but madame is too good! What happiness to serve so kind a mistress!"

Mr. Wyatt showed himself most benevolently anxious to be useful on receipt of Mrs. Sinclair's note. He made all necessary inquiries at the office of the hotel, and having found out the name of the best doctor in Baden, took the trouble to accompany the groom to the medical man's house, and waited until Mr. Paulton, the English surgeon, was seated in the pony-carriage.

"I shall be anxious to know if Mrs. Sinclair's nurse is seriously ill," said Mr. Wyatt, while the groom was taking his seat. "I shall take the liberty to call and inquire in the course of the evening."

"Delighted to give you any information," replied Mr. Paulton, graciously; "I'll send you a line if you like. Where are you staying?"

"At the Badenscher."

"You shall know how the young woman is directly I get back."

"A thousand thanks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A meeting of the Fish Commissioners of the various States and of Canada has been called by Professor Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, for the 5th of October, at the Centennial grounds, Philadelphia, for the purpose of taking into consideration questions connected with the general culture of fish, and their distribution to the more important rivers and lakes of North America. The session will be held in the Maryland State Building, the use of which has been obtained by Mr. Ferguson, one of the Maryland Commissioners.

On the 6th and 7th of the same month a meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association will convene in Judges' Hall, and will doubtless be numerously attended. A proposed feature of this convention will be a dinner to be composed entirely of fish, of which it is expected that over fifty varieties will be served up for experiment.

It is stated that the Spanish government proposes to appoint a commission to make a thorough investigation of the physical condition and natural resources of the Philippine Islands, which will include a careful examination of the extent of forest, the nature of the flora, etc., and will also embrace a very complete map of the country.

The report of the progress and condition of the Royal Gardens at Kew, in England, during the year 1875 contains some data which may interest our readers. The number of visitors to the Gardens during the year was 678,000—a decrease of over 21,000 as compared with the previous year. The greatest daily attendance was 61,133, on the 2d of August. About 10,000 species and 20,000 specimens of plants are kept under glass, the four propagating departments containing 27,000 plants.

As in previous years, much has been due Dr. Hooker, the director of the Gardens, for his efforts in encouraging the growth of useful plants in Great Britain and her colonies. Among them is a special inquiry in regard to the diseases and insect ravages to which coffee is subject. The cultivation of tobacco, also, has received due attention. Special care has been given to the growth of India rubber, and it has been ascertained that the only available plant for the East Indies is the Para species (*Hevea brasiliensis*). This is easily cultivated by cuttings, and furnishes a proper supply of caoutchouc; while, on the other hand, the species of India (*Ficus elastica*) produces caoutchouc in the hilly region only.

The American mesquite bean (*Prosopis pubescens*) has also been considered worthy of attention, in consequence of the value of its pods for feeding cattle, and the excellence and amount of the gum which exudes from it, to the economical value of which attention was called many years ago by Dr. B. F. Shumard.

Herland, in *Comptes Rendus*, calls attention to some defects in the treatment of sea-weed for the manufacture of soda, and makes some suggestions for an improvement of the process. He remarks that in the ordinary method the weeds destined to be calcined are dried on the shore in the open air, involving decomposition and a loss of salts by moisture, and that the process of incineration is itself defective. The method by which he proposes to remedy the difficulty is as follows: Place the fresh weed in baskets of iron wire, moved by a turning crane, and steeped in a series of vats containing about fifty kilograms of good quicklime per cubic meter, and so placed

that it can pass in succession from vat to vat until it is exhausted of its useful salts. The time of steeping in each vat is from forty to sixty minutes. The successive saturated lyes are to be reduced to dryness and treated with carbonate of potash. This will yield a soda very rich in soluble salts and alkaline iodides. While the incineration gives but fifteen per cent. of potash and one per cent. of iodide, the new process yields forty to fifty per cent. of potash and sometimes six per cent. of iodide. The residual weeds are applicable to agricultural purposes.

Not long ago much interest was attracted by the announcement of the discovery in the tertiary coal of Wezikon, in Switzerland, of pieces of wood converted to coal which it was claimed had been sharpened artificially by human hands; and a vastly greater antiquity was claimed for man in Europe than had been previously demonstrable. This inference, however, was seriously questioned by competent authority, who believed that some explanation other than that could be found for it; and now it is maintained with great show of plausibility that it is the work of the beaver or some other large rodent, or the rubbing together by floods of broken twigs.

Messrs. Menetti and Musa find that salicylic acid is very serviceable in the preservation of milk when introduced in the proportion of one part in ten thousand, especially at a temperature of from 55° to 60° C., as it will retard coagulation for several days. It may also be used for moistening cloths in which butter is packed for shipment for distant markets. It also answers a good purpose in the preservation of cream, but is useless when applied to cheese. They think, however, that in view of the greater cheapness of boracic acid, the latter substance is preferable.

The death of Mr. Abel Transon is announced as having taken place at Paris, at the age of seventy. He was best known as a mathematician, having furnished numerous memoirs to the mathematical journals.

The London Admiralty has published its sixth of the series of reports of the operations of the *Challenger*, embracing a letter from Captain Frank T. Thomson, giving a brief sketch of its proceedings from the 11th of August, at Honolulu, to the 23d of November, 1875, at Valparaiso. This is accompanied by an extended article by Captain Tizard on temperatures of the Pacific Ocean, in which he remarks upon the fact that over the whole of the Northern and a portion of the Southern Pacific Ocean the readings of the thermometers sent to the bottom differ so slightly, if at all, from their readings at the depth of 1500 fathoms, that it is difficult to say in a great number of cases whether the minimum temperature is at the bottom or at some point between the surface and the bottom. This is due to the peculiarities of the Casella-Miller thermometer, which has an error under pressure, so that as the depth, and consequently the pressure, increases, the error increases. This, though slight, is sufficient to prevent small differences of temperature from being ascertained by this instrument, if the differences of the readings due to pressure are in excess of the differences of temperatures. He further remarks that this peculiarity can only be accounted for in three ways, viz., 1st, the thermometers would record similar temperatures if the water were warmer below the intermediate point, but not so warm as the water they had already passed through; 2d, the thermometers would record the same temperatures if the water remained of an equal temperature from the intermediate point to the bottom; 3d, the thermometers would record similar results if the decrease of temperatures were so small as to be counterbalanced by the increased pressure. He thinks that the first reason may be at once dismissed, since it is highly improbable that the water increases in temperature toward the bottom without some special reason (such as the vicinity of icebergs cooling the water rapidly near the surface). He, however, concludes by stating that as the temperature due to excess of pressure over decrease of temperature would in any case be extremely small, it will probably be advisable to assume for the present that when the thermometers give the same readings at different depths, the temperatures at such depths are equal.

[Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.]

Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

VI.—REALITY.*

Miss Sophia Jackson, in the State of Illinois, was a beautiful girl, and had a devoted lover, Ephraim Slade, a merchant's clerk. Their attachment was sullenly permitted by Miss Jackson's parents, but not encouraged: they thought she might look higher.

Sophia said, "Why, la! he was handsome and good, and loved her, and was not that enough?"

They said, "No; to marry Beauty, a man ought to be rich."

"Well," said Sophy, "he is on the way to it: he is in a merchant's office."

"It is a long road; for he is only a clerk."

The above is a fair specimen of the dialogue, and conveys as faint an idea of it as specimens generally do.

All this did not prevent Ephraim and Sophia from spending many happy hours together.

But presently another figure came on the scene—Mr. Jonathan Clarke. He took a fancy to Miss Jackson, and told her parents so, and that she was the wife for him, if she was disengaged. They said, "Well, now, there was a young clerk after her, but the man was too poor to marry her."

Now Mr. Jonathan Clarke was a wealthy speculator; so, on that information, he felt superior, and courted her briskly. She complained to Ephraim. "The idea of their encouraging that fat fool to think of me!" said she. She called him old, though he was but thirty; and turned his person and sentiments into ridicule, though, in the opinion of sensible people, he was a comely man, full of good sense and sagacity.

Mr. Clarke paid her compliments. Miss Jackson laughed, and reported them to Slade in a way to make him laugh too.

Mr. Clarke asked her to marry him. She said no; she was too young to think of that. She told Ephraim she had flatly refused him.

Mr. Clarke made her presents. She refused the first, and blushed, but was prevailed on to accept. She accepted the second and the third, without first refusing them.

She did not trouble Ephraim Slade with any portion of this detail. She was afraid it might give him pain.

Clarke wooed her so warmly that Ephraim got jealous and unhappy. He remonstrated. Sophia cried, and said it was all her parents' fault—forcing the man upon her.

Clarke was there every day. Ephraim scolded. Sophia was cross. They parted in anger. Sophia went home and snubbed Clarke. Clarke laughed and said, "Take your time." He stuck there four hours. She came round, and was very civil.

Matters progressed. Ephraim always unhappy. Clarke always jolly. Parents in the same mind.

Clarke urged her to name the day.

"Never!"

Urged her again.

"Next year."

Urged her again before her parents. They put in their word. "Sophy, don't trifle any longer. You are overdoing it."

"There, there, do what you like with me," said the girl; "I am miserable!" and ran out, crying.

Clarke and parents laughed, and staid behind, and settled the day.

When Sophy found they had settled the day, she sent for Ephraim, and told him, with many tears. "Oh!" said she, "you little know what I have suffered this six months."

"My poor girl!" said Ephraim. "Let us elope, and end it."

"What! My parents would curse me."

"Oh, they would forgive us in time."

"Never. You don't know them. No, my poor Ephraim, we are unfortunate. We can never be happy together. We must bow. I should die if this went on much longer."

"You are a fickle, faithless jade," cried Ephraim, in agony.

"God forgive you, dear!" said she, and wept silently.

Then he tried to comfort her. Then she put her arm round his neck, and assured him she yielded to constraint, but her heart could never forget him; she was more unhappy than he, and always should be.

They parted, with many tears on both sides, and she married Clarke. At her earnest request Slade kept away from the ceremony; by that means she was not compelled to wear the air of a victim, but could fling the cloak of illusory happiness and gayety over her aching heart; and she did it, too. She was as gay a bride as had been seen for some years in those parts.

Ephraim Slade was very unhappy. However, after a bit, he comprehended the character of Sophia Clarke, *née* Jackson, and even imitated her. She had gone in for money, and so did he: only on the square—a detail she had omitted. Years went on: he became a partner in the house, instead of a clerk. The girls set their caps at him. But he did not marry. Mrs. Clarke observed this, and secretly approved. Say she had married, that was no reason why *he* should. *Justice des femmes!*

Now you will observe that, by all the laws of fiction, Mrs. Clarke ought to have learned, to her cost, that money does not bring happiness, and ought to have been miserable, especially whenever she encountered the pale face of him whose love she valued too late.

Well, she broke all those laws, and went in for Life as it is. She was happier than most wives. Her husband was kind, but not doting; a gentle master, but no slave; and she liked it. She had two beautiful children, and they helped fill her life. Her husband's gold smoothed her path, and his manly affection strewed it with flowers. She was not passionately devoted to him, but still, by the very laws of nature, the wife was fonder of Jonathan than the maid had ever been of Ephraim; not but what the latter remaining unmarried tickled her vanity, and so completed her content.

She passed six years in clover, and the clover in full bloom all the time. Nevertheless, gilt happiness is apt to get a rub sooner or later. Clarke had losses one upon another, and at last told her he was done for. He must go back to California and make another fortune. "Lucky the old folks made me settle a good lump on you," said he. "You are all right, and the children."

Away went stout-hearted Clarke, and left his wife behind. He knew the country, and went at all in the ring, and began to remake money fast.

His letters were not very frequent, nor models of conjugal love, but they had good qualities; one was their contents—a draft on New York.

Some mischievous person reported that he was often seen about with the same lady; but Mrs. Clarke did not believe that, the remittances being regular.

But presently both letters and remittances ceased. Then she believed the worst, and sent a bitter remonstrance.

She received no reply.

Then she wrote a bitterer one, and, for the first time since their union, cast Ephraim Slade in his teeth. "There he is," said she, "unmarried to this day, for my sake."

No reply even to this.

She went to her parents, and told them how she was used.

They said they had foreseen it—that being a lie some people think it necessary to deliver themselves of before going seriously into any question—and then, after a few pros and cons, they bade her observe that her old lover, Ephraim Slade, was a rich man, a man unmarried, evidently for her sake; and if she was wise, she would look that way, and get rid of a mock husband, who was probably either dead or false, and, in any case, had deserted her.

"But what am I to *do?*" said Mrs. Clarke, affecting not to know what they were driving at.

"Why, sue for a divorce."

"Divorce Jonathan! Think of it! He is the father of my children, and he was a good husband to me all the time he was with me. It is all that nasty California." And she began to cry.

The old people told her she must take people as they were, not as they had been; and it was no fault of hers, nor California's, if her husband was a changed man.

In short, they pressed her hard to sue for a divorce, and let Slade know she was going to do it.

But the woman was still handsome and under thirty, and was not without a certain pride and delicacy that grace her sex even when they lack the more solid virtues. "No," said she, "I will never go begging to any man. I'll not let Ephraim Slade think I divorced my husband just to get him. I'll part with Jonathan, since he has parted with me, and after that I will take my chance. Ephraim Slade? he is not the only man in the world with eyes in his head."

So she sued for a divorce, and got it quite easy. Divorce is beautifully easy in the West.

When she was free, she had no longer any scruple about Ephraim. He lived at a town seven miles from her. She had a friend in that town. She paid her a visit. She let the other lady into her plans, and secured her co-operation. Mrs. X—— set it abroad that Mrs. Clarke was a widow; and, from one to another, Ephraim Slade was given to understand that a visit from him would be agreeable.

"Will it?" said Ephraim. "Then I'll go."

He called on her, and was received with a sweet pensive tenderness. "Sit down, Ephraim—Mr. Slade," said she, softly and tremulously, and left the room. She had scarcely cleared it, when he heard her tell the female servant, with a sharp, imperious tone, to admit no other visitors. It did not seem the same voice. She came back to him melodious. "The sight of you after so many years upset me," said she. Then, after a pause and a sigh, "You look well."

"Oh yes, I am all right. We are neither of us quite so young as we were, you know."

"No, indeed" (with another sigh). "Well, dear friend, I suppose you have heard. I am punished, you see, for my want of courage and fidelity. I have always been punished. But you could not know that. Perhaps, after all, you have been the happier of the two. I am sure I hope you have."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Clarke," said he, in open, manly tones.

She stopped him. "Please don't call me Mrs. Clarke, when I have parted with the name forever." (*Sotto voce.*) "Call me Sophia."

"Well, then, Sophia, I'll tell you the truth. When you jilted me—"

"Oh!"

"And married Cl—who shall I say? Well, then, married *another*, because he had got more money than I had—"

"No, no. Ephraim, it was all my parents. But I will try and bear your reproaches. Go on."

"Well, then, of course I was awfully cut up. I was wild. I got a six-shooter to kill you and—the other."

"I wish you had," said she. She didn't wish any thing of the kind.

"I'm very glad I didn't, then. I dropped the six-shooter, and took to the moping and crying line."

"Poor Ephraim!"

"Oh yes; I went through all the changes, and ended as other men do."

"And how is that?"

"Why, by getting over it."

"What! you have got over it?"

"Lord, yes; long ago."

"Oh! in—deed!" said she, bitterly. Then, with sly incredulity, "How is it you have never married?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When I found that money was every thing with you girls, I calculated to go in for money too. So I speculated, like—the other, and made money. But when I had once begun to taste money-making, somehow I left off troubling about women. And, besides, I know a great many people, and I look coolly on, and what I see in every house has set me against marriage. Most of my married friends envy me, and say so. I don't envy any one of them, and don't pretend to. Marriage! it is a bad institution. You have got clear of it, I hear. All the better for you. I mean to take a shorter road: I won't ever get into it."

This churl, then, who had drowned hot passion in the waves of time, and, instead of nursing a passion for her all his days, had been hugging celibacy as man's choicest treasure, asked her coolly if there was any thing he could do for her. Could he be of service in finding out investments, etc., or could he place either of the boys in the road to wealth? Instead of hating these poor children, like a man, he seemed all the more inclined to serve them that their absent parent had secured him the sweets of celibacy.

She was bursting with ire, but had the self-restraint to thank him, though very coldly, and to postpone all discussion of that kind to a future time. Then he shook hands with her and left her.

She was wounded to the core. It would have been very hard to wound her heart as deeply as this interview wounded her pride.

She sat down and shed tears of mortification.

She was aroused from that condition by a letter in a well-known hand. She opened it, all in a flutter:

"My dear Sophy,—You are a nice wife, you are. Here I have been slaving my life out for you, and shipwrecked, and nearly dead with a fever, and coming home rich again, and I asked you just to come from Chicago to New York to meet me, that have come all the way from China and San Francisco, and it is too much trouble. Did you ever hear of Lunham's dog that was so lazy he leaned against the wall to bark? It is very disheartening to a poor fellow that has played a man's part for you and the children. Now be a good girl, and meet me at Chicago tomorrow evening at 6 P.M. For if you don't, by thunder! I'll take the children and absquatulate with them to Paris, or somewhere. I find the drafts on New York I sent from China have never been presented. Reckon by that you never got them. Has that raised your dander? Well, it is not my fault; so put on your bonnet, and come and meet

"Your affectionate husband,

"Jonathan Clarke.

"I sent my first letter to your father's house. I send this to your friend Mrs. X——."

Mrs. Clarke read this in such a tumult of emotions that her mind could not settle a moment on one thing. But when she had read it, the blood in her beating veins began to run cold.

What on earth should she do? Fall to the ground between two stools? No; that was a man's trick, and she was a woman, every inch.

She had not any time to lose; so she came to a rapid conclusion. Her acts will explain better than comments. She dressed, packed up one box, drove to the branch station, and got to Chicago. She bought an exquisite bonnet, took private apartments at a hotel, and employed an intelligent person to wait for her husband at the station, and call out his name, and give him a card, on which was written

"*Mrs. Jonathan Clarke.*
At the X—— Hotel."

This done, she gave her mind entirely to the decoration of her person.

The ancients, when they had done any thing wrong and wanted to be forgiven, used to approach their judges with disheveled hair and shabby clothes. *Sordidis vestibus.*

This poor shallow woman, unenlightened by the wisdom of the ancients, thought the nicer a woman looked, the likelier a man would be to forgive her, no matter what. So she put on her best silk dress, and her new French hat bought on purpose, and made her hair very neat, and gave her face a wash and a rub, that added color. She did not rouge, because she calculated she should have to cry before the end of the play, and crying hard over rouge makes channels.

When she was as nice as could be, she sat down to wait for her *divorcé*; she might be compared to a fair spider which has spread her web to catch a wasp, but is sorely afraid that, when he does come, he will dash it all to ribbons.

The time came and passed. An expected character is always as slow to come as a watched pot to boil.

At last there was a murmur on the stairs; then a loud hearty voice; then a blow at the door—you could not call it a tap—and in burst Jonathan Clarke, brown as a berry, beard a foot long, genial and loud, open heart, Californian manners.

At sight of her he gave a hearty "Ah!" and came at her with a rush to clasp her to his manly bosom, and knocked over a little cane chair gilt.

The lady, quaking internally, and trembling from head to foot, received him like the awful Siddons, with one hand nobly extended, forbidding his profane advance. "A word first, if you please, Sir."

Then Clarke stood transfixed, with one foot advanced, and his arms in the air, like Ixion, when Juno disappeared.

"You have ordered me to come here, Sir, and you have no longer any right to order me; but I am come, you see, to tell you my mind. What, do you really think a wife is to be deserted and abandoned, most likely for some other woman, and then be whistled back into her place like a dog? No man shall use *me* so."

"Why, what is the row? has a mad dog bitten you, ye cantankerous critter?"

"Not a letter for ten months, that is the matter!" cried Mrs. Clarke, loud and aggressive.

"That is not my fault. I wrote three from China, and sent you two drafts on New York."

"It is easy to say so: I don't believe it." (Louder and aggressiver.)

Clarke (*bawling in his turn*). "I don't care whether you believe it or not. Nobody but you calls Jony Clarke a liar."

Mrs. Clarke (*competing in violence*). "I believe one thing, that you were seen all about San Francisco with a lady. 'Twas to her you directed my letters and drafts: that is how I lost them. It is always the husband that is in fault, and not the post." (Very amicably all of a sudden:) "How long were you in California after you came back from China?"

"Two months."

"How often did you write in that time?" (Sharply.)

"Well, you see, I was always expecting to start for home."

"You never wrote once." (Very loud.)

"That was the reason." (Screaming loud.)

"That and the lady."

"Stuff! Give me a kiss, and no more nonsense."

(Solemnly:) "That I shall never do again. Hus-

* Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.

bands must be taught not to trifle with their wives' affections in this cruel way." (Tenderly:) "Oh, Jonathan, how could you abandon me? What could you expect? I am not old; I am not ugly."

"D—n it all, if you have been playing any games"—and he felt instinctively for a bowie-knife.

"Sir!" said the lady, in an awful tone, that subjugated the monster directly.

"Well, then," said he, sullenly, "don't talk nonsense. Please remember we are man and wife."

Mrs. Clarke (*very gravely*). "Jonathan, we are not."

"Damnation! what do you mean?"

"If you are going into a passion, I won't tell you any thing; I hate to be frightened. What language the man has picked up—in California!"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. You go on."

"Well, Jonathan, you know I have always been under the influence of my parents. It was at their wish I married you."

"That is not what you told me at the time."

"A WORD FIRST, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR!"

"Oh yes, I did; only you have forgotten. Well, when no word came from you for so many months, my parents were indignant, and they worked upon me so and pestered me so—that—Jonathan, we are divorced."

The actress thought this was a good point to cry at, and cried accordingly.

Jonathan started at the announcement, swore a heartful, and then walked the room in rage and bitterness. "So, then," said he, "you leave the woman you love, and the children whose smiles are your heaven; you lead the life of a dog for them, and when you come back, by God, the wife of your bosom has divorced you, just because a letter or two miscarried! That outweighs all you have done and suffered for her. Oh, you are crying, are you? What, you have given up facing it out, and laying the blame on me, have you?"

"Yes, dear; I find you were not to blame: it was—my parents."

"Your parents! Why, you are not a child, are you? You are the parent of my children, you little idiot: have you forgotten that?"

"No. Oh! oh! oh! I have acted hastily, and very, very wrong."

"Come, that is a good deal for a pretty woman to own. There, dry your eyes, and let us order dinner."

"What, dine with *you?*"

"Why, d—n it, it is not the first time by a few thousand."

"La, Jonathan, I *should* like; but I *mustn't.*"

"Why not?"

"I should be compromised."

"What, with me?"

"Yes; with any gentleman. Do try and realize the situation, dear. *I am a single woman.*"

Good Mr. Clarke—from California—delivered a string of curses so rapidly that they all ran into what Sir Walter calls a "clishmaclaver," even as when the ringers clash and jangle the church bells.

Mrs. Clarke gave him time; but as soon as he was in a state to listen quietly, compelled him to realize *her* situation. "You see," said she, "I am obliged to be very particular now. Delicacy demands it. You remember poor Ephraim Slade?"

"Your old sweetheart. Confound him! has he been after you again?"

"Why, Jonathan, ask yourself. He has remained unmarried ever since; and when he heard I was free, of course he entertained hopes; but I kept him at a distance; and so" (tenderly and regretfully) "I must you. *I am a single woman.*"

"Look me in the face, Sophy. You won't dine with me?"

"I'd give the world; but I *mustn't,* dear."

"Not if I twist your neck round—darling—if you don't?"

"No, dear. You shall kill me, if you please. But I am a respectable woman, and I will not brave the world. But I know I have acted rashly, foolishly, ungratefully, and deserve to be killed. Kill me, dear—you'll forgive me then." With that, she knelt down at his feet, crossed her hands over his knees, and looked up sweetly in his face with brimming eyes, waiting, yea, even requesting, to be killed.

He looked at her with glistening eyes. "You cunning hussy," said he; "you know I would not hurt a hair of your head. What is to be done? I tell you what it is, Sophy; I have lived three years without a wife, and that is enough. I won't live any longer so—no, not a day. It shall be you, or somebody else. Ah! what is that?—a bell. I'll ring, and order one. I've got lots of money. They are always to be had for that, you know."

"Oh, Jonathan! don't talk so. It is scandalous. How can you get a wife all in a minute—by ringing?"

"If I can't, then the town-crier can. I'll hire him."

"For shame."

"How is it to be, then? You that are so smart at dividing couples, you don't seem to be very clever in bringing 'em together again."

"It was my parents, Jonathan, not me. Well, dear, I always think when people are in a difficulty, the best thing is to go to some very *good* person for advice. Now, the best people are the clergymen. There is one in this street, No. 18. Perhaps he could advise us."

Jonathan listened gravely for a little while, before he saw what she was at; but the moment he caught the idea so slyly conveyed, he slapped his thigh and shouted out, "You are a sensible girl. Come on." And he almost dragged her to the clergyman. Not but what he found time to order a good dinner in the hall as they went.

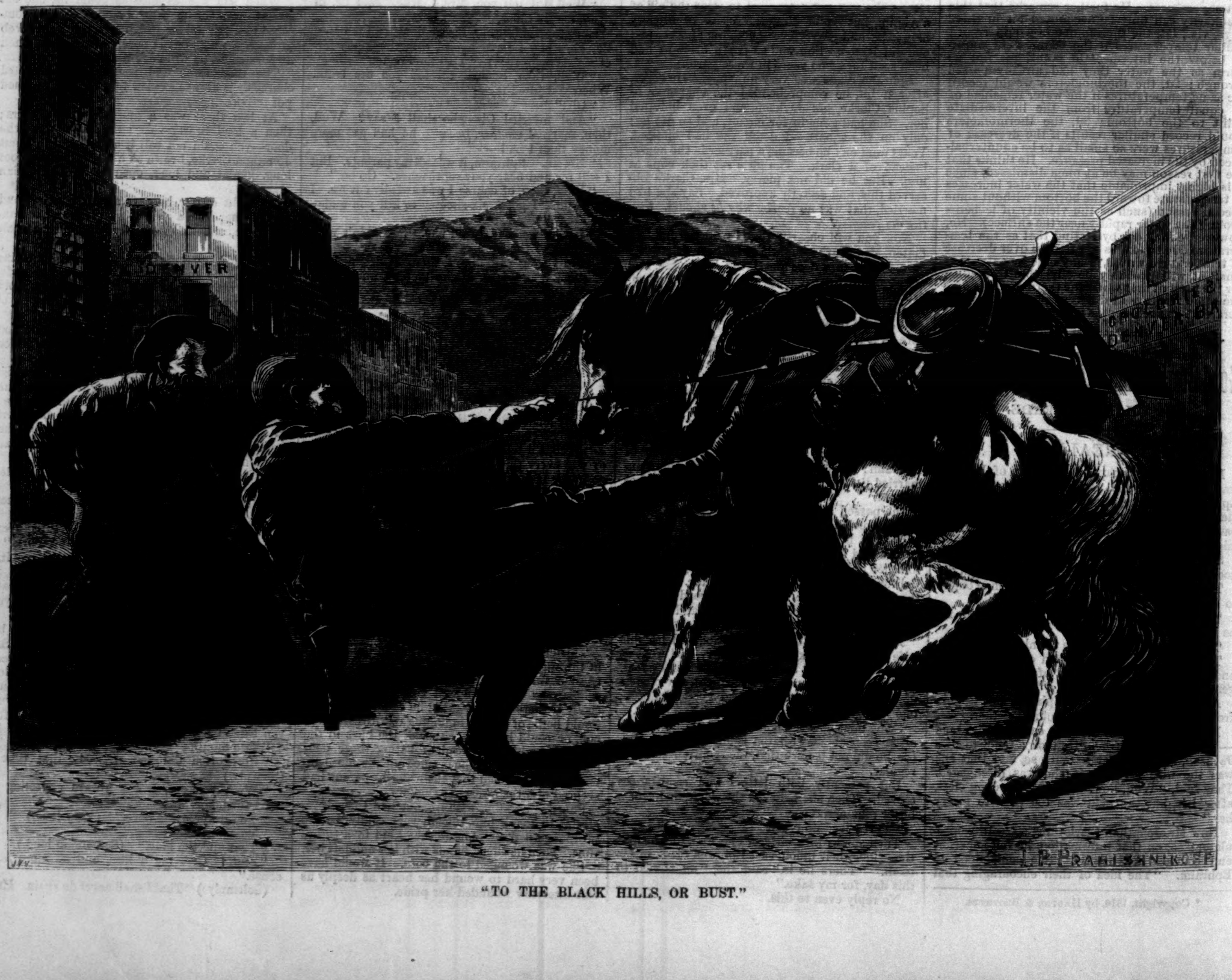
The clergyman was out, but soon found: he remarried them: and they dined together man and wife.

They never mentioned grievances that night; and Jonathan said, afterward, his second bridal was worth a dozen of his first; for the first time she was a child, and had to be courted up hill; but the second time she was a woman, and knew what to say to a fellow.

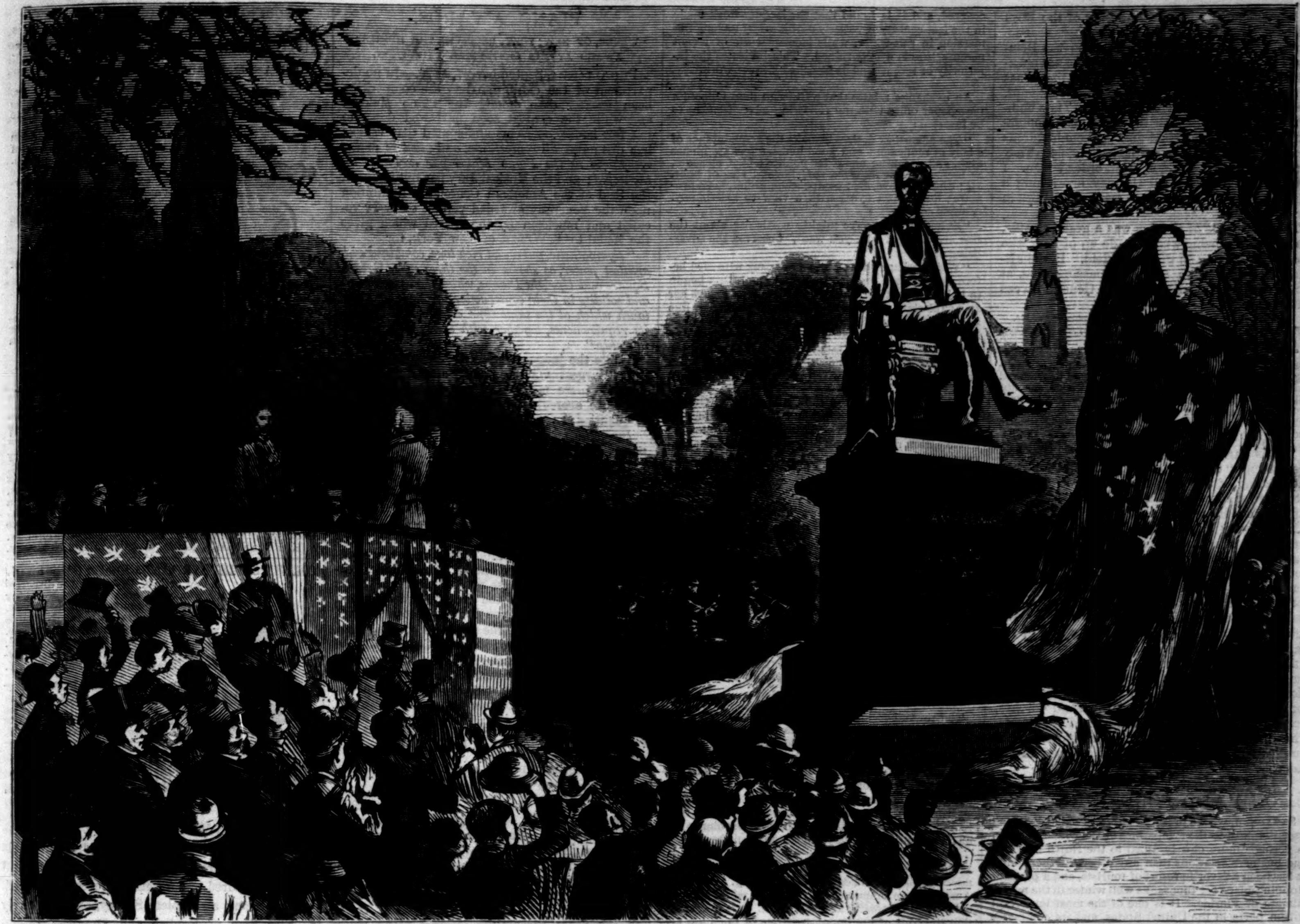
Next day Mr. and Mrs. Clarke went over to ——. They drove about in an open carriage for some hours, and did a heap of shopping. They passed by Ephraim Slade's place of business much oftener than there was any need, and slower. It was Mrs. Clarke who drove. Jonathan sat and took it easy.

She drives to this day.

And Jonathan takes it easy.



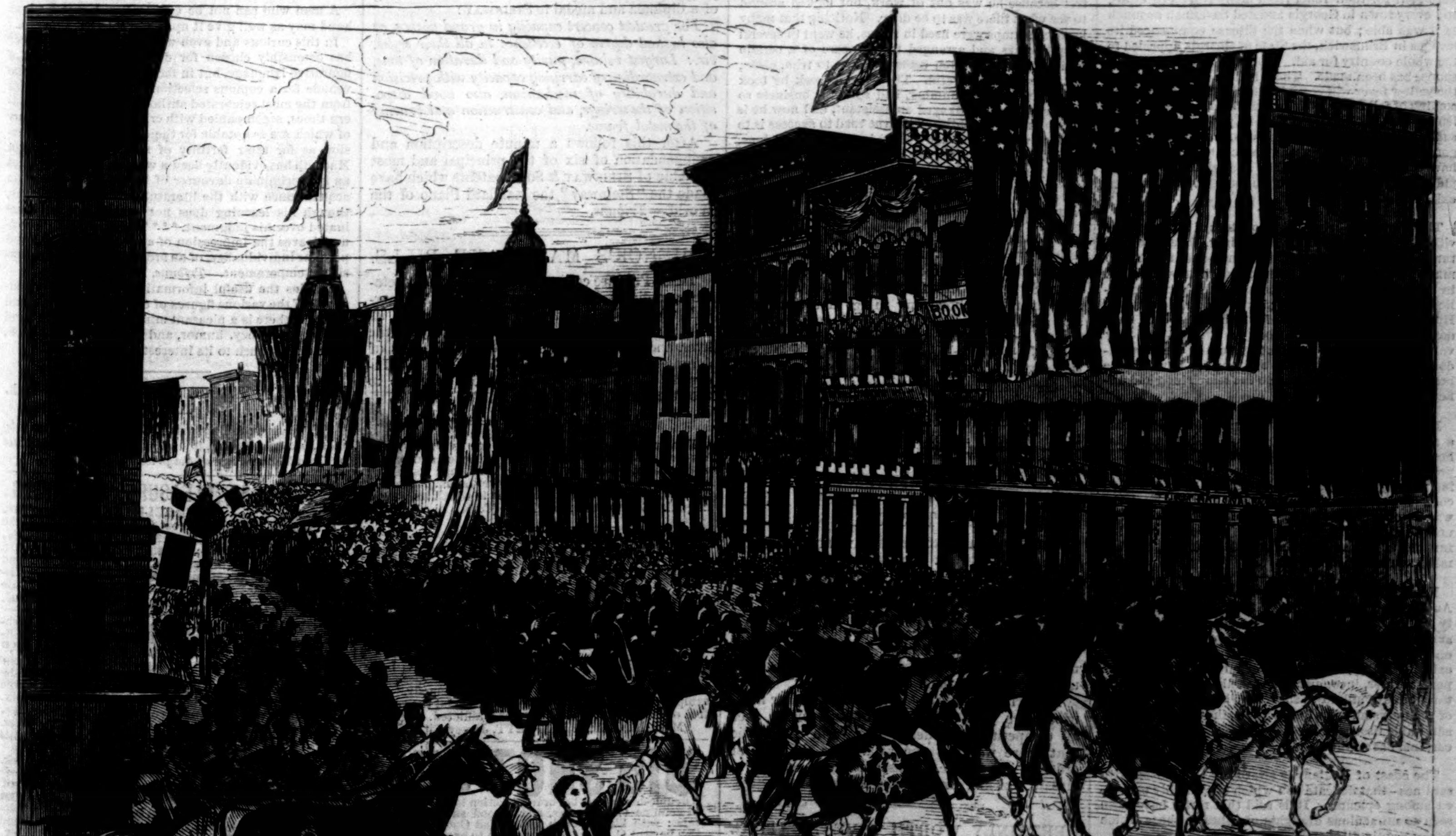
"TO THE BLACK HILLS, OR BUST."



THE STATUE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by I. P. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 830.]

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

On the 20th and 21st of September a grand reunion of the "Boys in Blue" took place at Indianapolis, Indiana. It was in reality a magnificent Republican jubilee. "With daylight," says the correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing September 21, "came thousands, surging through the streets. All the principal streets were hung with bunting. Large flags and little flags floated every where, even from the building of the Democratic State Committee, in Washington Street, but there was a notable and significant change which forced itself on the general attention. Last night a large flag before the building bore the inscription, 'Welcome to the Union veterans.' This morning the flag was still there, but the inscription was gone. There had been more of union, liberty, fraternity, and equality in the proceedings of the day than the Democrats could stomach, so down came their welcome to the Union veterans. This was only one, although most noticeable, among the incidents of the day, showing that the Democrats



THE BOYS IN BLUE—SOLDIERS' REUNION AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—[From a Sketch by H. C. Chandler.]

had no sympathy with the gathering of the Boys in Blue. Men who fought for the flag—battle-scarred veterans—got no welcome from the Democrats in Hendricks's home. They were not openly insulted, but they were received by that class of the people with indifference and contempt. They cared nothing for it, however. They numbered far more than half the adult male population of the city. They had among them hundreds who had gained fame upon the battle-field. They were an army of honest, earnest, orderly men. I have not seen during all the day or evening a drunken or disorderly person among the Boys in Blue."

The first event of the day was a grand parade, the procession being wholly made up of men who had borne the flag on the battle-field. In the afternoon there was an immense mass-meeting, at which the following dispatch from General Hayes was read:

"Columbus, Ohio, *Wednesday, September 20, 1876.*

"*To General Edward F. Noyes, Chairman Soldiers' Convention:*

"Sir,—I am grateful to my comrades of the Union army, assembled at Indianapolis, for their hearty greeting. The men who maintained the cause of national unity and freedom on so many battle-fields are not willing to see the results of the war imperiled by neglect or misconduct at the ballot-box. Their example will be very influential with all intelligent and patriotic people. R. B. Hayes."

"It is hardly possible," writes the *Times* correspondent, "to describe the scene that followed the reading of this dispatch. Cheer after cheer went up for the soldier-statesman who is the Republican candidate for President." General Walter Harriman and Colonel Ingersoll made eloquent and stirring speeches. While the latter was speaking, two heavy showers of rain fell, but not a man or woman stirred. Almost at every sentence was a burst of applause. His reasons for being a Republican and why he can not be a Democrat, his terrible arraignment of Tilden and the Democracy, his eulogy of Hayes and of the party of liberty, were of more power than any thing ever heard before even from Ingersoll. A magnificent torch-light procession in the evening closed the festivities. It was nearly two miles long, and upward of twenty thousand torches, borne by men in uniform, illuminated the streets. The display was one of the most imposing Republican demonstrations ever witnessed in the country.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Savannah, whose present distressed condition is an urgent appeal to the sympathies of the whole country, is perhaps more closely allied to the North by social and business relations than any other Southern city. It has been a favorite resort of tourists, and a pleasant stopping-place for thousands who winter in the milder climate of Florida. It is one of the most important cotton ports in the United States, and its commerce has nearly doubled within the past ten years. Now, in the midst of the most active season of the year, this city lies paralyzed by a terrible visitation of the yellow fever. All business traffic is stopped, merchants and shippers have fled for their lives, and almost every one who could leave the city has sought some place of safety. The fatal malady has spread with great rapidity, particularly in the lower and eastern sections of the city, where the atmosphere is specially malarious. Among the poorer classes, both white and colored, the suffering and destitution are very great. Contributions were sent for their relief from many Northern cities, and every town in Georgia assisted Savannah as much as it was able; but when the disease commenced its ravages in Brunswick, the State of Georgia appealed to the whole country for aid. A prompt and generous response has been made. There is little probability that the yellow fever will cease its deadly progress until the coming of fall frosts. Meanwhile the Howard Benevolent Association has done all in its power to relieve the sufferers, physicians and nurses from other cities have gone to give assistance, and the contributions which have been received from public and private sources are judiciously expended where the most imperative need exists.

The Minnesota brigands, who attacked a bank in the village of Northfield in broad daylight, have been captured—or at least a part of the band—and it is not so much a matter of regret that some of them were killed in the encounter between them and the pursuing police. The cold-blooded murder of the heroic cashier, Heywood, who proved faithful to his trust even unto death, aroused the whole body of citizens, and they voluntarily engaged in a hot pursuit of the desperadoes. But the dense forests and swamps in which the brigands hid themselves made the search long and difficult.

During the time of the recent explosion at Hell Gate a resolute black and white cat, which had made her home in the boiler-house, where the air was compressed during the excavations, remained there, refusing to budge a single foot. Evidently she had implicit confidence in General Newton. After the blast she was found standing on the top of one of the boilers, unhurt apparently, but mewing piteously, with her fur and tail in a highly electrical condition, and her mind manifestly disturbed.

French journals state that the wealth of Cardinal Antonelli is generally estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions, independent of his collection of valuable ancient and modern treasures. The cardinal possesses one of the finest assortments of precious stones which exist in Europe: diamonds of all forms and of the purest water, incomparable emeralds, and pearls and turquoises of unknown size. Also he has unique pieces of rock-crystal, some fine pictures, the richest lace, and admirable tissues of the best periods. Fortunately the cardinal has nephews.

The coast of Brittany is swarming this season with sardines—that delicate fish which is so highly esteemed among epicures. It is said that rarely have been seen so miraculous draughts of fishes as those which have recently filled the fishers' nets.

Rumor says that something like fifty thousand tramps are marching toward New York this fall. They should be met in the beginning with *work.*

Over two years ago some goods were sunk off the Japanese coast while on their way back from the Vienna Exposition. Recently these goods have been recovered, and it is found that the lacquer-work made in the last century is entirely uninjured by its long immersion in salt-water, while lacquer-work of recent manufacture is wholly ruined. This indicates the inferiority of recently made so-called lacquer-work.

An exchange relates that a Chicago man entered a newspaper office with the following advertisement to be inserted:

"The advertiser desires to make the acquaintance of a lady of refinement and good looks, 5 feet 4⅜ inches high, and weighing about 136 pounds; bust measure, 39 inches; waist measure, 28⅜ inches; size of boot, 3⅛; ditto of glove, 5⅜; complexion, pronounced brunette; deep hazel eyes—with a view to matrimony. Address ——."

"Seems to me you're mighty particular about the size and kind of wife you want," observed the advertising clerk.

"Well, perhaps I am; but, you see, my wife died before we had been married long, and she hadn't begun to half wear out her clothes, and her father gave her an awful sight of 'em. So it seems to me kinder like flying in the face of Providence, when silk and things is so dear, and the country laboring in the throes of a financial convulsion, to take another mate, and let the moths break through and rust and corrupt all them duds. So I just want a wife to match them things."

Those who have visited the Centennial Art Gallery will remember the striking and horrible picture of "Rizpah" in the French department. The following conversation recently took place before the great canvas:

"What does that great big picture represent, with them men hanging up, and that woman fighting that bird?"

"Good gracious! what does it mean? Oh, I know now: it's the Goddess of Liberty with the American eagle hanging the rebels."

It is estimated, so says an exchange, that there are in the city of New York alone upward of 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 full-grown flies, exclusive of ancient chieftains, pappooses, and squaws. A census of flies has not been taken, owing to the expense to government and to the deficiency of our system of arithmetic, but the above-mentioned number is believed to be an underestimate, if any thing. Flies are persistently vexatious, but the coming cool weather will diminish their activity.

The present residence of the famous French artist, Meissonier, is Poissy. He lives in a spacious mansion, erected in the midst of wide-spreading grounds, and shaded by stately trees. The house is modern, but elegantly furnished with antique furniture. The artist's studio is at some distance from the house. His hôtel in Paris, though just finished, is not yet furnished, and probably will not be occupied for two or three years to come, as it is the design of Meissonier to furnish it in antique, in very elegant and unique style.

The fruits of India, so luscious and plentiful, have never yet been utilized for wine-making, although in Australia the manufacture of native wines becomes daily more successful and important. It is now stated that the fruit of the imoon-tree, one of the finest avenue trees in Bangalore, not only supplies excellent jelly from its juice, but would make capital light wine.

Ninety-five thousand five hundred and forty-six children attended the New York public schools at their opening this year.

In the matter of occupation a good rule is, if you can not do what you would like best, do what you can. A Brooklyn boy has given a worthy example in this regard. He wanted to earn some money. He did not fret because he was out of work, but looked around to see what there was to be done. Noticing that many kerosene lamps were used in stores, he went to several shop-keepers and arranged to take care of a certain number a week for ten cents a lamp—to trim, clean, etc. He was successful. The second week he took charge of a larger number, and soon his business so increased that he engaged an assistant, and now he is earning money rapidly. The true road to success is to do such work as one can do and is at hand to be done, instead of idly waiting for some special or congenial employment to "turn up."

"WHAT ALL THE OTHER AGENTS KNOW."

An Agent in Pennsylvania says, in a recent letter: "I have never been able to work any book with the satisfaction I experience in running Swinton's Geographies. They are head and shoulders above any thing in the market, and all the other Agents know it, and they will feel it ere long. *I have put them in just* 190 *Schools* up to this time" (*Sept* 20th). A copy of the "Elementary Geography" will be mailed, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents, and of the "Complete Geography" on receipt of $1, if desired for examination with a view to introduction. Address Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co., Publishers, New York.—[*Com.*]

THE PIANO AWARD AT THE CENTENNIAL.

THE FIRST MEDAL AND REPORT AWARDED TO DECKER BROTHERS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 29.

We take pleasure in announcing that the celebrated New York manufacturers of pianos, Messrs. Decker Brothers, have obtained the first medal and a highly commendatory report for the unsurpassed excellence of their instruments, by unanimous resolutions of the jury.

Referring to the announcements of other manufacturers, that they have obtained prizes over all competitors, we desire to inform the public that there was but one award for the highest order of excellence. This has been accorded to Messrs. Decker Brothers.—*Times.*

CERTAINLY WORTH INVESTIGATING.

The immense practical advantages of the new invention of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-machine Company—their new automatic sewing-machine; different in principle from every other sewing-machine manufactured. On view at Centennial Machinery Hall, Sec. C. 7, Col. 50, and at No. 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

PIANO AWARDS.

WEBER, OF NEW YORK, RECEIVES THE HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Philadelphia, September 27, 1876.—In no department of the exhibition has the competition been greater than among the Piano Makers, and while the contest soon narrowed down to but few houses, it seems undisputed that Weber has distanced *all competition, and must be to-day recognized as the Piano Maker par excellence of the world*; and the Musical Jury has but stamped the Seal of the American Centennial Exhibition upon the generally awarded verdict of every vocalist and musician by the award which gives the Medal to A. Weber, of New York, for

"*Sympathetic, pure, and rich tone, combined with greatest power, as shown in the three styles, Grand, Square and Upright Pianos, which show intelligence and solidity in their construction, a pliant and easy touch which at the same time answers promptly to its requirements, together with excellence of workmanship.*"

While the judges accredit to Weber's competitors "largest volume, purity, and duration of tones"—mere mechanical qualities—to Weber alone are accredited the highest possible musical qualities:

Sympathetic, pure, and rich tone, with greatest power.

It is the sympathetie and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favorite of every singer as well as the public. It is these *special qualities* which, combined with purity and greatest power, in a voice make the greatest singer, and which in an instrument make it the peer of its competitors. Purity, power, and duration are but cold exponents of mechanical excellence. Add to these qualities, as the judges say are contained in the Weber, sympathy and richness of tone, and you breathe into it warmth and life, and you have the *ne plus ultra* of a piano.

This Weber has done at the Centennial, and when the judges commend his instruments also for their solidity of construction and excellence of workmanship, they tell the public that the Weber Piano is the best in the world.—*Post.*

STEINWAY'S LAURELS.

THE JUDGES AWARD HIM THE HIGHEST HONOR OF THE FORTY COMPETITORS.

The agony of exhibitors as to the awards is over. The formal ceremonies of announcement were held this evening in the Judges' Hall. President Hawley, for the Centennial Commission, presented the list of those to whom diplomas and medals had been decreed to the President of the United States, who deliver them to the several foreign and State Commissioners. Owing to the fierce competition among piano manufacturers the greatest interest was manifested to know who had carried off the highest honor. Steinway & Sons, as usual, are the victors. The Judges at Philadelphia have indorsed the verdicts of the juries at Paris and at London. Forty different makers, comprising all the most noted at home and abroad, competed, and the American Steinway is the best. The following extract, which will serve as an illustration, tells why the judges in their report recommended the awarding of a diploma and medal to Steinway:

For greatest concert capacity in grand pianos, as also highest degree of excellence in all their styles, viz.: Largest volume, purity and duration of tone, and extraordinary carrying capacity with precision and durability of mechanism, also novel disposition of the strings, and construction and bracing of the metal frame.

After this follows a minute description and commendation of six of the principal and most valuable of Steinway & Sons' patents which have made the "Steinway" the standard Piano of the World.—*Tribune.*

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

These Pills are composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, and although they entirely supersede the use of Mercury, do not leave any of its injurious effects. They act directly upon the liver, and are a valuable remedy in all cases of derangement of that organ. Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all Bilious Disorders succumb to the free use of them.—[*Com.*]

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Deafness and Catarrh.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

$15 SHOT GUN

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or no sale; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

RUBBER WORKS.

Goods for Druggists and Stationers. Inventors' Articles manufactured. F. H. HOLTON, 45 Gold St., N.Y.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY GIFT.

AUTOMATIC CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

Self-Acting, Requiring no Pressure of Water.

Ruby-Glass Basin and Globes, mounted on a Golden Bronze Standard, with Polished Marble Base.

No springs, weights, or hidden mechanism, but a simple law of hydrostatics practically applied. The apparent absence of motive power excites general wonderment and surprise.

Always reliable, and in order.

A little Cologne added to the water makes it a delightful

Perfume Fountain,

at slight expense, as the water is used over and over again.

Height to top of Basin, 21 in.

Price Complete $15.

More Elaborate styles furnished; also, Fountains for Counter use with only silver-plated basin and jet in sight.

☞ Address for Circular.

JAMES W. TUFTS,
33 to 39 Bowker Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

Suit of Clothes Free!!!

The "Celebrities of the Day" Prize Stationery Package, besides being the *largest* and *very best* offered, contains an **Imperial Photograph** of the most eminent Statesmen, Divines, Authors, Actors or Actresses, &c., and gives an Order on a Broadway clothier for a **Fashionable Suit of Clothes, also Gold Watch.** Sample Package 25 cents, Five Packages $1, and Twelve Packages $2, postage paid. Send for descriptive circular. S. K. FESSENDEN & CO., 306 Broadway, N. Y. City.

CORWIN'S "ZEPHYR" India-Rubber GARMENTS.

A new article. Free from the disagreeable odor of other kinds. No shiny gloss. Handsome as a rich black silk. They supersede all others. No lady's wardrobe is complete without one. Send for a circular. John M. Corwin, "Zephyr" India-Rubber Manufacturer, 57 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corwin's "ZEPHYR" India-Rubber Traveling and Storm HAT. Goes in the vest pocket. Weighs 1⅛ oz. Price $2 50. Discount to the trade. Write to J. M. CORWIN, 57 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Might and Mirth of Literature.

The Might and Mirth of Literature. A Treatise on Figurative Language. In which upwards of Six Hundred Writers are referred to, and Two Hundred and Twenty figures Illustrated. Embracing a complete Survey, on an entirely New Plan, of English and American Literature, interspersed with Historical Notices of the Progress of the Language, with Anecdotes of many of the Authors, and with Discussions of the Fundamental Principles of Criticism and of the Weapons of Oratory. By Prof. John Walker Vilant Macbeth, University of West Virginia. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

A man who can not be eloquent with this book at hand may as well give it up.—*The Interior*, Chicago.

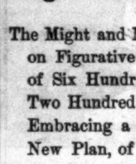
In this curious and even unique volume, the writer has ostensibly chosen for discussion the subject of figurative language, but in fact has made his book the vehicle for a copious selection of rhetorical passages from the most celebrated authors of ancient and modern times, accompanied with critical comments, many of which are as notable for their quaintness of expression as for their fertility of suggestion. Professor Macbeth has evidently been a wide reader, though not an indiscriminate devourer of books. He betrays an acquaintance with the literature of many languages, though his learning does not appear to have dominated over his judgment. * * * The perusal of the volume leaves the impression of a writer of marked and peculiar individuality, of an ardent imagination, a sensitive temperament.—*Tribune*, N. Y.

Besides the useful information which is here conveyed of the various figures of etymology, syntax, and rhetoric, there is a pleasant mingling of the grave and the gay, of fancy, humor, and wit in the collection, which adds much to its interest.—*Boston Globe.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

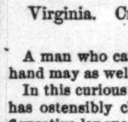
☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS



Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, Strongest, Cheapest, Best, will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 5x7⅜, $27; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Send stamp for catalogue to Curtis & Mitchell, Type Founders, No. 21 Brattle St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

A CHALLENGE to all picture authors, publishers, and the public, that **MILLER'S "GREAT CENTENNIAL PICTURE," or "ILLUMINATED CHART,"** is the most truthful and complete publication of the kind extant. All who love America should possess the *best historical "Illustrated Centennial."* Autographic indorsements from Chief-Justice Waite, Ex-Gov. Dix, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. Geo. Wm. Curtis, Major-Gen. Shaler, and many other eminent men; also *the press.* Two sizes mailed for $1 50, or 75 cents each. *Agents wanted for every town in the United States.* JAMES MILLER, 176 William Street, New York.



C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Amber Goods.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street,** 3 doors from Bowery.

XLCR **75** VISITING-CARDS, NO 2 ALIKE, 1 name, 30cts. and 3ct. stamp. 4 packs, 4 names, $1. With one pack for samples you can obtain 20 names per hour easily. Best and prettiest lot of cards for the money ever seen. Sent by return mail. Common cards at unheard-of rates. Address W. C. CANNON, 712 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

7-SHOT Nickel-Plated Revolvers, with 100 Cartridges, $3 00. Catalogues Free. FELTON & CO., N. Y. City.

Rogers' Statuary

$10 and upward.

"Checkers up at the Farm."

Just Completed.

20 Inches High, Price $15.

Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and prints of lawn subjects, to **JOHN ROGERS, 1155 Broadway, cor. 27th St., New York.** (Formerly 212 Fifth Ave.)

FUN!

THE Whispering Cord; or Lovers' Telegraph. Biggest thing yet! Just out!! 11,000 sold first week!!! With this instrument two persons can privately converse with each other 100 feet apart. You can stand in the garden and talk with your sweetheart (in the softest whisper) from the upper story of her dwelling, and the "old folks" can't hear a word. At parties and social gatherings they produce uproarous laughter. Price, with ear-drum, speaking tube, and directions, all complete, 15 cents a pair; 2 pair, 25 cts; 1 doz. pair, $1.25. Mailed post paid. Address EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., **39 Ann St., New York.** P. O. Box 4614. ☞ Beware of imitations.

WILL CARLETON'S

Centennial Poems.

YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated Cover, $1 50.

The pieces are in the author's wonted style, homely, pithy, dramatic, and well suited to meet the popular liking for stories.—*Home Journal*, N. Y.

Will Carleton writes in a quaint sort of dialect at times, and never departs from a kind of homeliness of expression that at once wins for him the good-will and regard of the uncultured, as well as the admiration of the most scholarly mind.—*Troy Times.*

It is written on purpose for the little men and the little women of our own time, and contains stories and pictures of some of the noble and brave young folks of Revolutionary times.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, Ky.

Homely Revolutionary incidents done into easily flowing verse, and can not fail to please and profit the boys and girls for whose benefit they have been written.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

He has done the young people a literary service, partly as a recognition of their enthusiastic appreciation of his former efforts, and partly as an expression of his general interest in the events and incidents of a hundred years ago.—*Boston Post.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

IMPURE BREATH

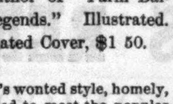
You are troubled with a bad Breath; it annoys your friends as well as yourself. You would like to get rid of it, but scarcely know what means to adopt. We will tell you. Cleanse your teeth and rinse your mouth thoroughly every morning with that peerless dentifrice,

FRAGRANT SOZODONT,

and your breath will become sweet and your teeth assume a pearl-like appearance. Impure breath arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of Sozodont. Sold by Druggists.

If you want to do your own printing,

to save or make money, send for a Circular. If you want a Specimen Book of Type, &c., send three cents. We are the oldest house in the country in the business, and have the **cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses.** We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS, and a miniature printing office for FIVE DOLLARS.



YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

A BOOK FOR ELECTORS.

POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

16mo, Half Leather, $1 00.

Although especially designed for the instruction of young Americans, who seek to prepare themselves for the intelligent use of the electoral franchise, this little volume contains much information which will be found useful by readers of mature age. As a clear, trustworthy, and compact political manual, treating concisely of the principles upon which the government of the United States is founded, and the practical working of our political system, it stands without a rival.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

Imitation Gold Watches $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

$17.40 For $5.00. New Novelties, Chromos, New Style Jewelry, Stationery Packages, &c. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO., 400 Chestnut Street., Philadelphia, Pa.

$2 OUTFIT FREE. Best chance yet. Write at once to **COLLINS & CO.,** 2 Clinton Place, New York.

POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS.

A GERMAN SERIES.

By GEORGE F. COMFORT,

Professor of Modern Language and Æsthetics, Syracuse University, N. Y.

GERMAN PRIMER. Introductory to the German Series. 12mo, Half Leather, 75 cents.

FIRST BOOK IN GERMAN. To precede the German Course. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 00.

FIRST GERMAN READER. To follow the First Book in German. 12mo, Cloth, 80 cents.

GERMAN COURSE. Adapted for use in High-Schools, Academies, and Colleges. 12mo, Half Leather, $2 00.

TEACHER'S COMPANION TO THE GERMAN COURSE. *For Teachers only.* 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

GERMAN READER. To follow the German Course. With Notes and a Vocabulary. 12mo, Half Leather, $2 00.

MANUAL OF GERMAN CONVERSATION. To follow the German Course. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 50.

The first three books of this Series are specially adapted to Graded Schools; the others are intended for a complete course in Private Classes, High Schools, and Colleges.

From J. B. Feuling, Prof. of Modern Languages and Compar. Philology in the University of Wisconsin.

We have been using in the Sub-Freshman Class of this University "Comfort's German Course" since its publication, and do not intend to make a change. This book combines the empirical and scientific method, and is thus well adapted to the instruction of both young and adult pupils.

It is to be hoped that all our Normal and High Schools will introduce the study of German for its own sake, but especially in order to impart a better, critical knowledge of English, and to such a purpose "Comfort's German Course" is particularly suited.

From George S. Morris, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, in the University of Michigan.

For ordinary High School use, "Comfort's German Series" meets with my approval, and I have repeatedly recommended it to teachers.

From A. Lodeman, Professor of French and German Languages in the State Normal School, Michigan.

Having used "Comfort's German Course" and "Reader" for two years, I am now able to give you my opinion as to the merits of these works as text-books in the school-room.

I will not mention in detail the features constituting the excellency of the "Course," but simply state that it is the first book of its kind in using which I did not feel the want of something better.

The thoroughness with which the topics are treated, the large number of idioms and modern phrases contained in the exercises, and the comprehensiveness of the "Compend of German Grammar," make it the most valuable class-book I know of.

For young beginners the "Course" will in most cases be found too difficult, but the "Primer" and "First Book in German" will be found to be excellent class-books for younger pupils.

The readers accompanying the text-books on grammar, contain most judiciously selected specimens of nearly all the branches and styles of language; many of the selections are complete in themselves; those which consist only of fragments leave behind in the reader a wholesome desire for more information, rather than the feeling of ungratified curiosity. One of the most valuable features of the "Reader" is to be found in the rich information it contains with reference to German history, biography, and social life.

In short, the whole series bears proof that the author appreciated not only the difficulties, but also the beauties and the worth of the German language; and while he endeavors in his work to make the conquering of the difficulties as easy as possible, he does not exclude them, for this would deprive the book of its real usefulness.

From Charles E. Emmerich, Supt. German Department of City Schools, Indianapolis, Ind.

During the past year "Comfort's German Primer" has been used in our schools. It is *the best* book of the kind that I have seen, and I can heartily recommend its use to all teachers of German.

Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of the introduction price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

PERFECTION.

BOKER'S BITTERS.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 47 copies in 1 day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

MASONIC.—$85 per month and expenses to Agents. The Great Work now ready. Superbly illustrated with colored plates. Send for Descriptive Catalogue. REDDING & CO., Publishers of Standard Masonic Works, 731 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW DEPARTURE. MEN wanted to travel and sell our Old and Staple MANUFACTURES. To dealers: no peddling. $75 PER MONTH, Hotel and Traveling Expenses paid. Apply by letter or in person to S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$57.60 **Agent's Profits** per week—Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton Street, New York.

CHARLEY ROSS.

AGENTS WANTED in every town in America for **THE FATHER'S STORY** OF CHARLEY ROSS, the most **touching and absorbing story** in the annals of American history. Written by CHRISTIAN K. ROSS. **Sales unprecedented.** For Terms and exclusive territory, address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

$10 to $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON. Estab'd 1830.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

A Book for the Times.

Persons who find it difficult to understand the vexed currency questions of the day will find it to their advantage to read "*Robinson Crusoe's Money,*" by David A. Wells. The subject is discussed in the form of a story, and in a manner that every one can understand.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S MONEY; or, The Remarkable Financial Fortunes and Misfortunes of a Remote Island Community. Fiction Founded upon Fact. By David A. Wells. With Illustrations by Thomas Nast. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail on receipt of the price.*

AGENTS WANTED! Medals and Diplomas Awarded for **HOLMAN'S NEW CENTENNIAL BIBLE** **1800 Illustrations.** Address for new circulars, **A. J. HOLMAN & CO.,** 930 ARCH Street, Phila.

$60 A WEEK Male or Female. No capital. We give Steady work that will bring you $240 a month at home, day or evening. INVENTORS' UNION, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

YES YES We want an Agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

ILL. CATALOGUE of articles for **AGENTS** free. Boston Novelty Co., Mass.

LOVE AND MONEY. Great secrets sent free by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

$55 to $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

AMAZON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, CINCINNATI.

Cash Capital	$500,000
Individual Liability	500,000
Surplus	375,975
Security to Policy-holders	1,375,975

GAZZAM GANO, Pres't. J. H. BEATTIE, Sec'y.

AUTUMN BOOK-LIST.

I.

DANIEL DERONDA. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Middlemarch," "Romola," "Adam Bede," &c. Library Edition, 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Popular Edition in one volume, 8vo, Paper, $1 50.

Library Edition of George Eliot.

Adam Bede.	Romola.
Daniel Deronda, 2 vols.	Scenes of Clerical Life and Silas Marner.
Felix Holt.	The Mill on the Floss.
Middlemarch, 2 vols.	

12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

II.

ROLFE'S RICHARD II. Shakespeare's Tragedy of Richard the Second. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M., formerly Head Master of the Cambridge High School. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents. Uniform with Rolfe's English Classics: *The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—Henry VIII.—The Tempest.—Richard II.—Select Poems of Goldsmith.—Select Poems of Gray.*

III.

THE TWO DESTINIES. A Romance. By Wilkie Collins, Author of "The Woman in White," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Armadale," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Illustrated Library Edition of Wilkie Collins.

After Dark and Other Stories.	No Name.
Antonina.	Poor Miss Finch.
Armadale.	The Dead Secret.
Basil.	The Law and the Lady.
Hide-and-Seek.	The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.	The New Magdalen.
My Miscellanies.	The Queen of Hearts.
	The Two Destinies.

The Woman in White.

12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

IV.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC. A Review of American Progress. By Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D.; F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D.; Hon. David A. Wells; Hon. Francis A. Walker; Prof. T. Sterry Hunt; Prof. William G. Sumner; Edward Atkinson; Prof. Theodore Gill; Edwin P. Whipple; Prof. W. H. Brewer; Eugene Lawrence; The Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D.; Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; Austin Flint, M.D.; S. S. Conant; Edward H. Knight; and Charles L. Brace. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Morocco, $7 25.

V.

EUGENE LAWRENCE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES. Historical Studies. By Eugene Lawrence. Containing the following Essays: The Bishops of Rome.—Leo and Luther.—Loyola and the Jesuits.—Ecumenical Councils.—The Vaudois.—The Huguenots.—The Church of Jerusalem.—Dominic and the Inquisition.—The Conquest of Ireland.—The Greek Church. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $3 00.

VI.

PHŒBE, JUNIOR. A Last Chronicle of Carlingford. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Ombra," "Squire Arden," "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

VII.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

VIII.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "True to Herself," "Her Face was Her Fortune," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

IX.

YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

X.

ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN. A Novel. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Bound to the Wheel," "Hirell," "Martin Pole," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XI.

STARBOARD AND PORT. Starboard and Port: the "Nettie" Along Shore. A Summer's Yacht Cruise along the Coasts of Maine and Labrador. By George H. Hepworth. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

XII.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER. A Woodland Tale. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "Cradock Nowell," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Lorna Doone," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XIII.

ORTON'S ZOOLOGY. Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A.M., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, &c. With 350 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$894 made by ONE Agent in 57 days. 13 new articles. Samples free. Address C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted, male or female, for the best selling articles. 6000 sold in one day. Address LAPHAM M'F'G CO., Marion, O.

$350 **A MONTH.**—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

BIG PAY To sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Terms free. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

1170

THE CHRISTIAN (?) TURKS.
"Reforming" colored voters South.

C. G. Gunther's Sons
(LATE 502-504 BROADWAY),
FURRIERS,
Have opened their Large Stock of
LADIES' FURS
For the Season, and invite attention to the same.
184 Fifth Avenue,
(Broadway & 23d St.), NEW YORK.

LONDON BOOKS,
RARE AND VALUABLE,
AT LONDON PRICES.
Suitable for public institutions and gentlemen's private libraries. Catalogues on application.
A. L. LUYSTER, { 138 Fulton St., New York; 7 Bloomsbury Market, London.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES For Sale by all Druggists.

Waltham Watches
are, without exception, the most accurate timekeepers which can be obtained.

The Prices are lower than ever before.

We have by far the largest and best assortment in the country.

STRANGERS
IN THE CITY ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL.
HOWARD & CO.,
No. 222 FIFTH AVENUE,
Above Madison Square, NEW YORK.

Prices down, down.
Never were so low before for
Waltham Watches
OUR REDUCED PRICE-LIST NOW READY.

We continue to send single Watches by Express to any place, no matter how remote, with bill to collect on delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to open the package and examine the Watch before paying, and with no obligation to take it unless it is perfectly satisfactory.

Write for the Price-List, which is sent free to all.
☞ *Mention in your letter or Postal Card that advertisement was seen in Harper's Weekly.* Address
HOWARD & CO.,
No. 222 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE CROTON POINT WINES
OF THE LATE
Dr. R. T. UNDERHILL
ARE NOW FOR SALE AT THE DEPOT,
1241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Wines, which have remained in vaults of the vineyard since the decease of Dr. Underhill, in 1871, are guaranteed by the heirs and executor of the estate to be in their original condition *of absolute purity*, being neither WATERED, LIQUORED, or DRUGGED.
Dr. Underhill's Descriptive Pamphlet, with Price-List, sent by mail on application. Address The Dr. Underhill Wine Depot, 1241 Broadway, N. Y.

Electro-Silicon
is GUARANTEED to be the best article known for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD, SILVER, WARE, &c. Try it. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores, and jewelers.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 Gold St., N. Y.

THE "BOSS"
AT THE
CENTENNIAL
AS WELL AS AT
VIENNA.
THE
WILSON
RECEIVED THE
HIGHEST AWARD,
A
MEDAL AND DIPLOMA
FOR THE
BEST
Family Sewing Machine
IN THE
WORLD!
WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.
MANUFACTURERS,
Chicago, New Orleans, New York.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Tiffany & Co., Silversmiths and workers in the precious and other metals, have lately introduced the chromatic decoration of silver by inlaying with gold, copper, steel, and Niello enamel, a method of decoration as durable as the object itself.

They have also a very large stock of plain silver-ware for daily household use, and the reduced price of silver makes the present a particularly favorable time for the purchase of such articles.

UNION SQUARE.

☞ Medal and Diploma, Centennial Exhibition, 1876, and Prize Medal at Paris Exposition, 1867.
REMOVAL.
Wood Brothers,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,
Have Removed the Entrance of their Warerooms from No. 740 Broadway to the Rear of their Premises, Nos.
49, 51, & 53 Lafayette Place,
where, with
Diminished Expenses,
they are prepared to sell their stock of Finished Carriages at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
These Carriages were made for this Season's sale, of the best material, and unsurpassed workmanship, and comprise every style of pleasure Carriage.
WOOD BROTHERS,
Nos. 49, 51, and 53 Lafayette Place,
One door below Astor Place and Eighth St.
Rear of their Old Stand.

DELMONICO'S REMOVAL.
L. DELMONICO
Has removed from 5th Ave. and 14th St.
TO
Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and 26th Street,
(MADISON SQUARE.)

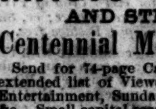
TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient
May properly be called the "Hercules" of medicine, for it cleanses Nature's augean stables, and allows the recuperative powers of the system to do the work of restoration to health. No medicine cures; Nature alone cures. This aperient opens the proper avenues, the functions are permitted to resume their work, and the patient gets well.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Mrs. Southworth's Best Work, "Self-Made,"
IN BOOK FORM.
"Self-Made; or, Out of the Depths," is Complete in Two Volumes,
Morocco Cloth, Price $1.75 each, or $3.50 a Set,
And is issued in two volumes, under the names of
"ISHMAEL" and "SELF-RAISED."
"ISHMAEL" and "SELF-RAISED" will be found for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of either one, or both, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, postpaid, on remitting price in a letter to the publishers,
T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ISHMAEL; OR, IN THE DEPTHS.
☞ NINTH EDITION NOW READY. ☜
With a Portrait of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, engraved on steel, from a Photograph just taken of her, being a perfect life-like and speaking Portrait of Mrs. Southworth at the present time, with her autograph under it,
AND ITS SEQUEL,
SELF-RAISED; OR, FROM THE DEPTHS.
☞ NINTH EDITION NOW READY. ☜
With a View of Prospect Cottage, the home of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and its surroundings, on the Potomac, the whole being engraved on steel in line and stipple, in the finest style of the art.
Each are in One Volume, in Morocco Cloth, Gilt Back, Price $1.75 each.
**.* Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers.* ☞ *Copies of either one or both of the above books, by Mrs. Southworth, will be sent, postpaid, at once, to any one, to any place, on remitting price to the Publishers,*
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hayes or Tilden
Campaign Outfits, Torches, Lanterns, Belts, Caps, Capes, Badges, &c., &c. Send for our new illustrated CATALOGUE, just published, and save money. Address PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers, 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND STEREOPTICONS.
Centennial Medal and Diploma.
Send for 74-page Catalogue, fully illustrated, with extended list of Views on every Subject, for Parlor Entertainment, Sunday-schools, Public Exhibitions, &c. Small capital required for outfit.
T. H. McALLISTER, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.



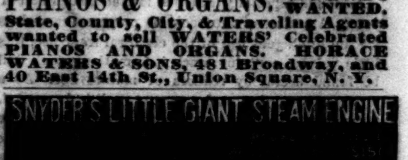
FAVORITE CIGARETTE ROLLER.
Compact, simple, practical. Silver-Plated, 50c. Sent on receipt of price. POPE MFG. CO. 145 High St., Boston.

SOMETHING NEW.
The Popular Photograph Camera.
☞ EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.
Full directions accompanying each instrument, with material for making 12 negatives. Price $5 00. Send for Circular. G. S. WOOLMAN, 116 Fulton St., New York.
Don't fail to mention *Harper's Weekly.*

Messrs. D. APPLETON & CO.
Are reorganizing their Subscription Department. Middle-aged reliable Agents wanted in every city. Address, with full particulars, S. L. HALL,
Care of D. Appleton & Co., 549 & 551 Broadway, N.Y.

SENT FREE,
Samples of Cloths, Fashion-Plate, with full directions for ordering Clothing by mail—*fit guaranteed*—by
Freeman & Woodruff,
(A. Freeman, late of Freeman & Burr),
CLOTHIERS, } 241 Broadway, New York.

PIANOS & ORGANS.—AGENTS WANTED.
State, County, City, & Traveling Agents wanted to sell WATERS' Celebrated PIANOS AND ORGANS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, and 40 East 14th St., Union Square, N. Y.

SNYDER'S LITTLE GIANT STEAM ENGINE

The above Engine has just been awarded the Highest Medal and Diploma at the Centennial Exhibition.

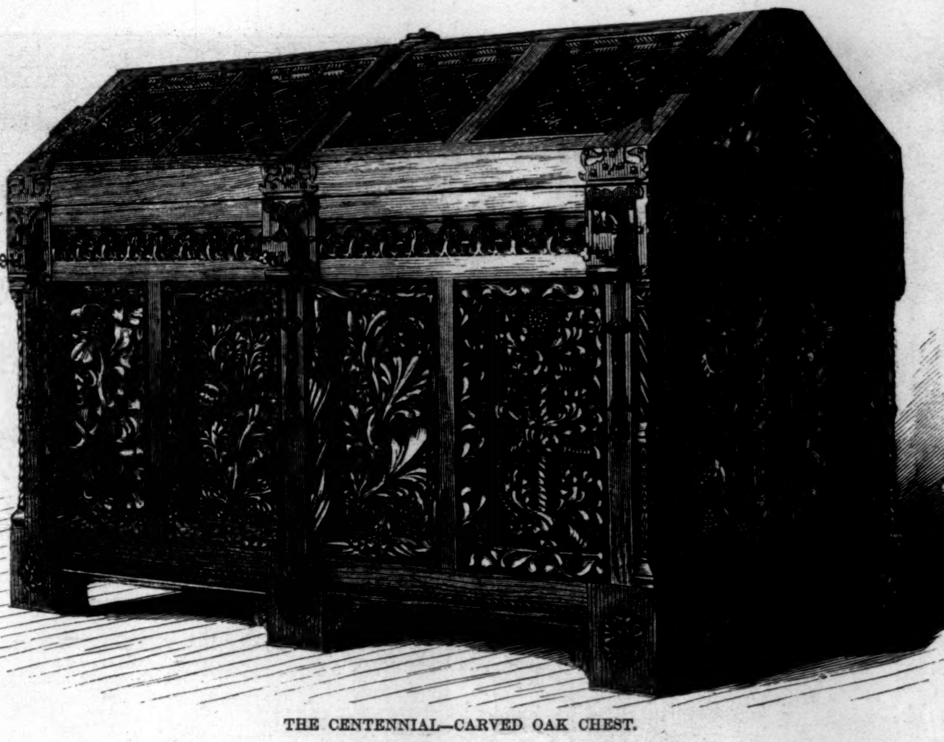
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
Henry Hoe, Sole Agent, 91 John St., N. Y.

THE CENTENNIAL.

A CARVED OAK CHEST.

Many of our readers have doubtless paused in admiration before the beautifully carved oak chest of which we give an engraving on this page. It is one of the attractions in the British department, in the Main Building, and is a fine specimen of Gothic carving in old English oak. The beam from which it has been made was built into the fabric of Salisbury Cathedral so long ago as A.D. 1216, and was only removed within two years, during the course of the restoration of that building under the present dean. Thus for 660 long years—nearly seven centuries—it formed part and parcel of a venerable and historical pile, and after doing good service through so many ages, the wood now remains as sound as it was the first day the tree was felled, and infinitely harder. The great age of the timber accounts for the richness of its tone and color, no polish or stain of any kind, except a little wax, having touched it since it was carved.

The chest is not a copy of any existing antique work; but the artist, Mr. Harry Hem, of Exeter, England, has taken as his ideal the old chest of the Middle Ages, of which many specimens are preserved in English houses, and in designing and making it in the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture, he has been careful to introduce reproductions of those charming bits of old detail and ornament which abound in such profusion in the churches and cathedrals of the "West Countrie," types of ornament for which that part of England is justly famed.



THE CENTENNIAL—CARVED OAK CHEST.

Every item of detail upon the body of the chest is of varied design. Thus each panel, border, cresting, and patera, although balancing with its fellow, is totally different in its manipulation. The ornament is not only characteristic of the Perpendicular period, but is also of rare and quaint conception. There can be no doubt but that in much of the *old* wood detail handed down from the Middle Ages a great similarity exists, while some that is exceptionally good in itself has been so often reproduced that the interest fags therein. Hopeful to avoid all this, Mr. Hem visited remote and unfrequented churches—rich for the most part in old Perpendicular art—and sought out curious and uncommon examples for use as models in this carving. He has used iron very sparingly.

THE KRUPP GUN.

The cast-steel manufactory, whence the immense Krupp guns in the German department of Machinery Hall were sent, was established near Essen, on the Ruhr, Germany, in 1810. It was managed by Alfred from 1826 till 1848, when it passed into his possession. At the present time it is under the management of Mr. Friedrich Krupp. The number of workmen employed in the works is 10,500, and the works have been gradually enlarged until they cover a continuous area of about 1000 acres, of which 200 are under roof. In the mines and blast-furnaces belonging to the firm is employed an additional force of 5000 workmen. There are over 3000 dwelling-houses for the officers, workmen, and their families, affording accommodation to over 16,000 people, while at the mines and smelting-works there are dwelling-houses for over 3000 persons, and 2500 unmarried workmen are lodged in boarding-houses belonging to the company. Connected with the works are well-ordered hospitals, bathing establishments, primary and industrial schools, a library, etc. A sick, burial, and pension fund has also been instituted for all the workmen who receive wages from the firm. The latter contributes to this fund half the amount of the contributions paid in by the members, being, in addition, at the expense of providing pensions and support for those who have been rendered unfit for work in their service, and for the widows of their workmen. The total receipts of the fund in 1875 amounted to $92,923, the expenditure to $79,806, and the capital in hand at the beginning of the present year to $173,504.

The guns exhibited by Krupp are manufactured from crucible cast-steel of a quality especially adapted to the purpose. The largest specimen is a 14-inch gun on a coast carriage. Its dimensions are as follows: calibre, 14 inches; whole length of gun, 315 inches; length of bore, 270 inches; weight of gun, with wedge, 57½ tons. The weight of the charged steel shell is 1127 pounds; that of the charged chilled iron shell, 1160 pounds; 276 pounds of powder are required for each firing charge. The carriage has a height of 8½ feet, and is intended for earth parapets 6¼ feet high.

The smaller gun has a calibre of 9¼ inches, is 206 inches in length, and weighs 15½ tons. Mr. Krupp also exhibits a 4-pounder gun, two 8-pounders, and two breech-loading mountain howitzers.

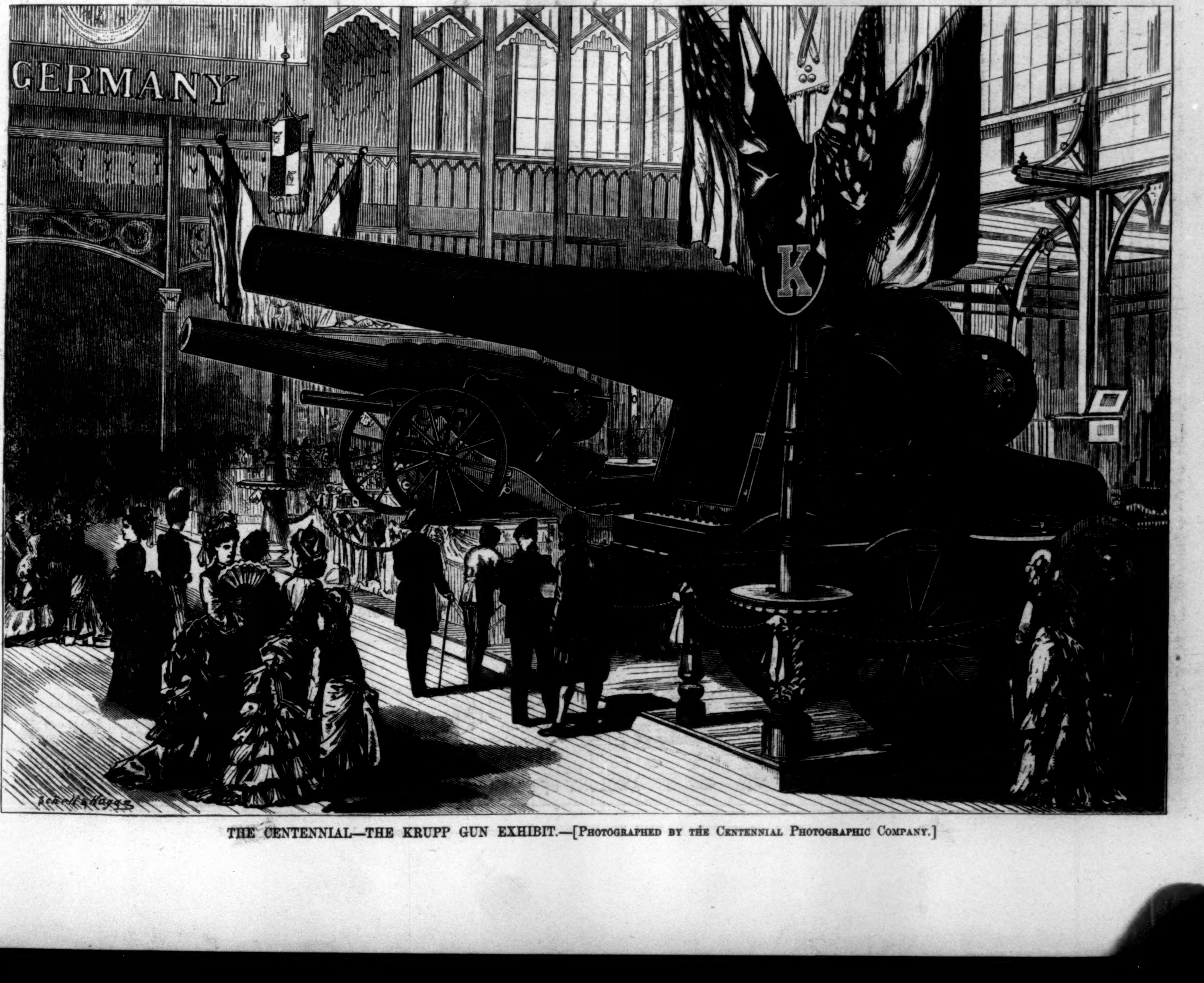
Besides the guns, which are splendidly finished, the Krupp exhibit comprises saddles and harnesses for mountain guns, railway wheels, rails, spring steel, axles, tires, etc. The entire display is one of the most attractive portions of the German department.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

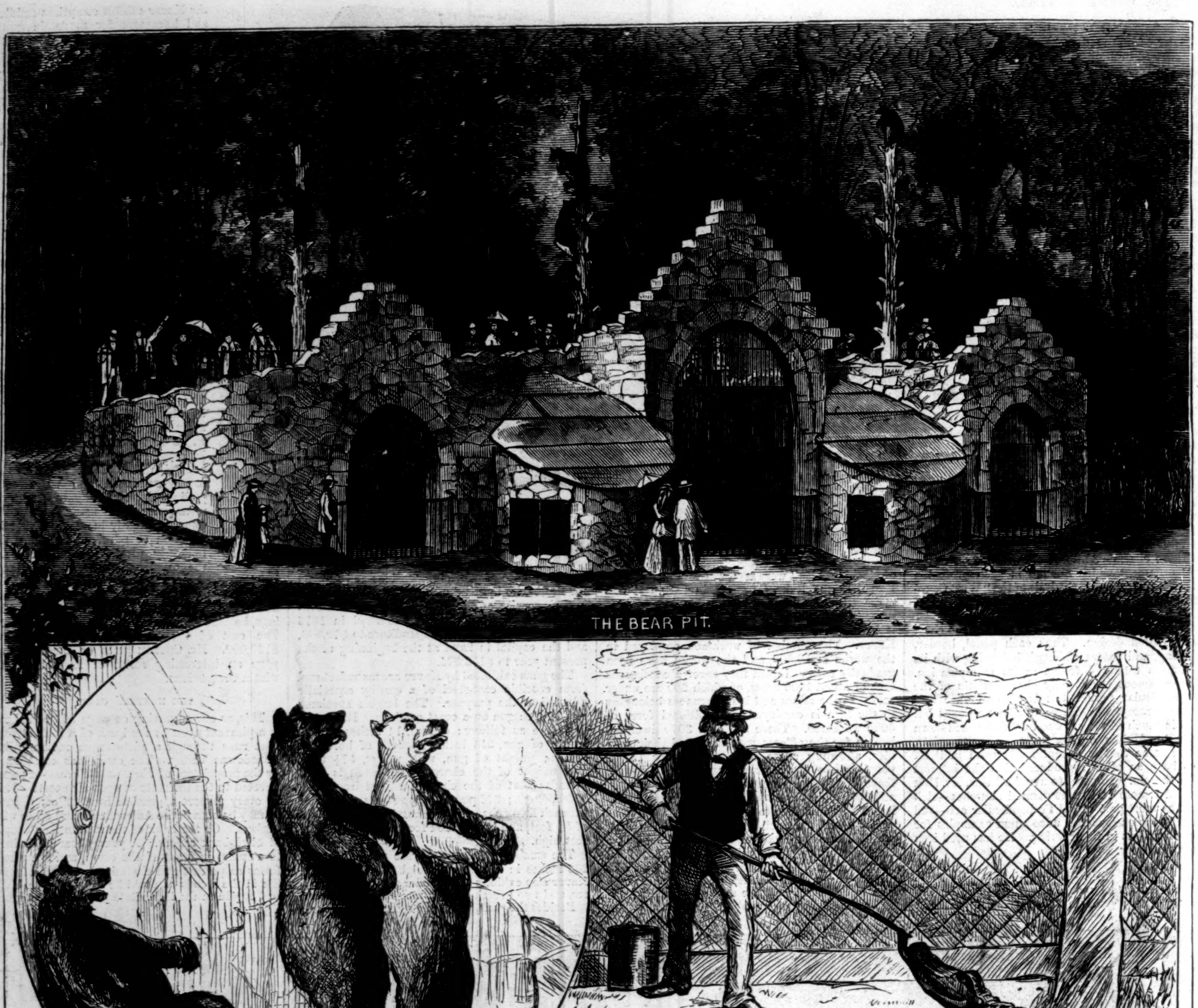
This delightful resort, though not a part of the Centennial Exhibition, may very properly be included among the Centennial shows, since it is a place where every visitor to Philadelphia should pass a day if he can spare the time, and which will well repay even a hasty survey. The gardens are near the Centennial grounds. The location, on the banks of the Schuylkill, is unsurpassed, and the shade of a beautiful grove of forest trees secures the visitor from the heat of the summer sun. The buildings, for comfort and convenience, are unexcelled in any country in Europe, and the care taken of the animals and the general cleanliness of the surroundings are commented upon by all visitors. The total amount of land occupied by these gardens is thirty-three acres, laid out very handsomely with walks and flower beds; the stream is crossed by rustic bridges. The collection of animals and birds is most creditable, and while comprising those usually met with in menageries, has many rare additions, constantly increased either by donation or purchase. Among the buildings within the inclosure are the carnivora-house, a very large building, with out-door cages, the aviary, the monkey-house, the eagle-house, the elephant and rhinoceros house, bear-pits, and other buildings, besides large numbers of pens, cages, etc. The cost of the buildings is already above $150,000. Mr. Church gives on the following page an interesting series of sketches taken within the gardens.

THE HUNTERS' CAMP.

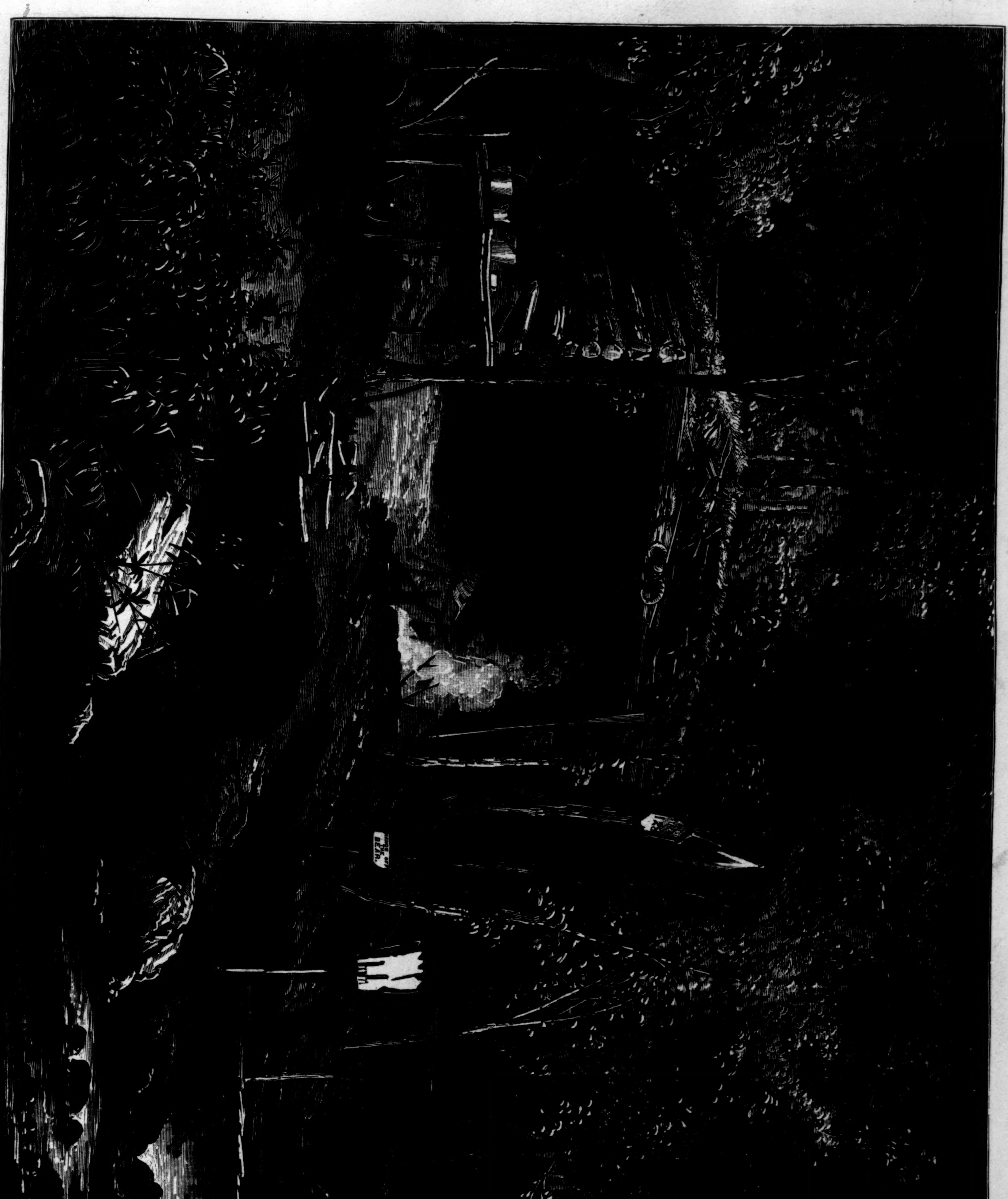
This, as our engraving on page 843 will show, is a pleasant nook on the bank of a little stream that runs through a picturesque ravine called Lansdowne Valley. The camp was established by the proprietors of *Forest and Stream*—a paper devoted to the interests of open-air sports. It is in every respect a genuine hunters' camp, such as may be seen in the Adirondacks and other wild regions. On the bank of the stream lie a couple of birch-bark canoes. A young bear is chained to a stump in front of the camp, and the whole forms as perfect and charming a picture of wild life in the woods as could be afforded in a civilized region in the immediate precincts of a great city.



THE CENTENNIAL—THE KRUPP GUN EXHIBIT.—[Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.]



THE CENTENNIAL—THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—[SEE PAGE 841.]



THE CENTENNIAL—THE HUNTERS' CAMP.—[FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 841.]